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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLVSTRATED JOVRNAL OF ART LITERATVRE AND CVRRENT EVENTS

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SKETCHED BY H. REUTERDAHL ON BOARD THE TORPEDO BOAT "PORTER"

ON OCTOBER 20, AT FORTY MINUTES PAST TWO, THE CUP-DEFENDER "COLUMBIA" CROSSED THE FINISH LINE IN A SMOTHER OF FOAM AND LEE RAIL ALL AWASH 6 MINUTES 18 SECONDS AHEAD OF THE CHALLENGER "SHAMROCK," THUS ENDING THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST OF 1899 FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP. AS "COLUMBIA" PASSED "ERIN" ON THE WAY HOME, HER MEN HEARTILY CHEERED SIR THOMAS LIPTON AND THE LOSING CREW

"COLUMBIA'S" VICTORY

(SEE PAGE 20)

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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New York November Fourth 1899

WHEN THESE LINES meet the reader's eye, only about a month will intervene before the assembling of the Fifty-sixth Congress. It is of obvious moment to the fortunes of the Republican party that the President in his message shall be able to show that an acceptable amount of progress has been made in Cuba and the Philippines. By that time, the census of the Cubans should have been completed, and a basis laid for the election of a convention to frame a constitution under which an independent government for the island may be organized. If, among any pretended friends of the Administration there has been a lurking desire to bring about the annexation of Cuba, and thus violate the self-denying pledge embodied in the joint resolutions approved by Mr. McKinley on April 20, 1898, they are certain to discover after the meeting of Congress that all such schemes must be renounced. The Democratic party will stand as a unit for the prompt and exact fulfilment of the promise, and they will be supported by more than enough Republicans to command majorities in both Houses of Congress. Even to raise the question under the circumstances would be a fatal error on the part of those who wish to see the President renominated and re-elected. The military government of Cuba has lasted long enough. The duty which we assumed of maintaining order in the island pending the establishment of an independent government has been discharged. Cuba is as orderly to-day as she ever was or is ever likely to be, and there is no excuse for keeping our soldiers there any longer. As a matter of fact, the census might have been taken last spring, and the work of a constitutional convention, duly elected, might ere this have been performed. The Fifty-sixth Congress may be trusted to see to it that no more ground is afforded for suspicion by needless delay. It would be the part of wisdom, however, for the President not to wait for Congress, but to take the initiative, announcing in his message that the election of a Cuban constitutional convention has been already ordered. With regard to the Philippines, it is evident that a concerted advance has been planned, one column under General Swan being directed to move southward, and to occupy the territory which lies to the south and southeast of Manila, while another and larger force under General Lawton is to press northward, seize the provisional capital of the insurgents and drive Aguinaldo's followers into the mountains. These operations are to be undertaken with the troops now available, and without waiting for the large reinforcements already on the way. When these arrive, it will be possible to garrison the captured places, to keep open the lines of communication, however extended, and thus to render permanent the occupation of the conquered territory. All this, undoubtedly, might have been accomplished eight months ago, had the War Office been alive betimes to the difficulty and complexity of the Philippine problem. Better late than never, however; and, if the President can succeed in bringing the suppression of the insurrection within sight before a debate upon the subject shall take place in Congress, he may look forward with comparative confidence to the political campaign of 1900.

IT MAY NOT seem at first sight probable that the war in South Africa will affect the American farmer. It may, however, when the cost of the contest has to be defrayed by the British taxpayer. The Salisbury Government has already requested ten million pounds for preliminary expenses, and, should the war be prolonged for upward of a year, five times as much will be needed. Nothing, of course, would be easier than to get a new loan taken for the amount last-named, but how is the interest and a sinking fund for such a debt to be provided? The income tax is already excessively onerous, and, instead of being increased, ought to be substantially reduced. The excise duties cannot be augmented without provoking vehement remonstrance. It is generally admitted that the death duties cannot be raised for any purpose beyond the high level attained in 1894. No appreciable increase in stamp duties could be made without hampering England's trade, and driving some of her financial business to the Continent. As for the sources of local taxation, they can be drawn upon no further, for the ratepayer's burden is now about as heavy as he can bear. There is one way, however, in which the addition to the public revenue rendered indispensable by the attempt to coerce the Transvaal can be easily secured. A reimposition of the registration fee of one shilling per quarter on imported grain, which was abolished in 1869, would yield a yearly income of two and a half millions of pounds sterling, and, as experience has shown, would not in the least affect the price of bread. We may probably take for granted, therefore, that this step will be taken, and British grain-growers will thus obtain an advantage of one shilling per quarter over their American competitors. So slight an advantage might be scarcely appreciable, but the danger is that the demonstrated ease with which money can be procured by indirect taxation would, ultimately, lead the Salisbury Cabinet to raise the registration fee to five shillings, in order to provide the funds required for the old-age pension scheme, which the Unionist party is pledged to carry through. A registration fee of five shillings per quarter would only raise the price of bread in England one halfpenny per quartern-loaf, but it would suffice to bring under the plow large tracts of land in the United Kingdom which are now used for grazing purposes, and, to that extent, would contract the British market for American grain.

UNLESS SIR THOMAS LIPTON shall himself try again with a new boat next year, we are not likely to witness another international yacht race in American waters for some time to come. The fact that *Shamrock* was beaten in every race, on all kinds of courses, and in all sorts of weather will, naturally, prove discouraging. As a matter of fact, nearly twenty years elapsed after *America's* victory before an English yacht attempted to recover the cup which our schooner had gained. Since 1870, a challenger has appeared about once in three years on the average, but there has often been a doubt as to whether the boat sent over was the best British yacht afloat. No such doubt attached to *Shamrock*. She seems to have been generally recognized in the United Kingdom as the finest outcome of the skill possessed by British nautical architects; it is certain that no money was spared in her construction. It would seem, then, that the hope of regaining the cup must be definitely renounced, though it is rumored that one of her Majesty's subjects, a manufacturer of soap, thinks of issuing a challenge next year for advertising purposes. It is computed that about two million dollars have been expended by the British and American contestants in the last thirty years. It cannot be said that even that part of the outlay, which has devolved on Englishmen, has been thrown away, for no one would deny that *Shamrock* is incomparably faster than was the best British yacht in 1870. Nevertheless, it is probable that Englishmen are pretty tired of crossing the Atlantic to be beaten, and it is probable that the next races between American and British yachts will take place in British waters, or in the Mediterranean.

THE SEVERITY of the reverse encountered by the Boers of the Transvaal in the battle of Smith Hill near Glencoe on October 20 will, perhaps, cause a renouncement of their original plan of campaign. Their aim was to invade Natal with overwhelming forces and crush the relatively small number of British regulars under General Sir G. S. White before the army corps and the reserves despatched from England under Sir Redvers Buller could be landed in South Africa. To that end, the Boers of the Transvaal under General Joubert crossed the Drakensburg range and advanced southward in several divisions, their primary intention being to isolate and capture the British soldiers, some three thousand strong, stationed at Dundee, the capital of a coal-mining region, and then by pushing directly southward to cut the railway between Durban and Ladysmith, thus isolating General White himself. Meanwhile, a corps of burghers of the Orange Free State, crossing the Drakensburg through passes which lie west of Ladysmith, was to advance and occupy a post on General White's flank, thus placing him between two fires. The preliminary movements were effectively carried out. Following the railway from Harrismith to Ladysmith, the Free State burghers pushed forward to Besters Station, from which they drove a British advance guard, and where they awaited the signal for a concerted attack on Ladysmith. Meanwhile, a detachment of the Transvaal Boers had cut the railway from Ladysmith to Glencoe and Dundee at Elandslaagte, and had fortified an adjoining height. Thus far, all seemed to be going well for the Boers. They had separated the British forces, and expected to defeat them piecemeal. On the evening of October 19, a column of Transvaal troops, alleged to have numbered some nine thousand, under General Joubert, occupied Smith Hill, thus commanding the camp which General Symons had placed between Glencoe and Dundee so as to protect both towns. Glencoe, it should be borne in mind, is at the junction of the Dundee branch with the main railway from Ladysmith to Pretoria. As General Symons had at his disposal only four thousand men of all arms, the Boers had greatly the advantage in respect of numbers, as well as of position. In the fighting which ensued, however, on October 20, and which lasted about eight hours, the British soldiers succeeded in scaling Smith Hill, which is described as almost inaccessible, in capturing the guns of their opponents and in inflicting upon them a defeat which, ultimately, turned into a rout. This victory was followed the next day by the capture of Elandslaagte, and communication was thus restored between General White and his outlying detachments. The battle at Smith Hill might prove decisive, if the British commander in Natal were at liberty to follow up the retreating Boers of the Transvaal, and thus deprive them of an opportunity of concentration. Should General White, however, hasten northward to complete the destruction of the force under General Joubert, the Free State troops at Besters Station would be able to occupy Ladysmith, and push on to Pietermaritzburg and Durban. He cannot, therefore, abandon Ladysmith, which is an important strategic point, situated, as it is, at the junction of the main Durban-Pretoria line with the branch to Harrismith in the Free State. Moreover, it is reported that the last telegram sent to General White by General Sir Redvers Buller, before the latter embarked, was a peremptory order to confine himself strictly to defensive operations until reinforcements from England should reach South Africa. Under the circumstances, it is possible that the Boers of the Transvaal, gaining time for the consolidation of their several divisions, may yet resume the offensive in Natal. As to the westward movement of Free State burghers against Mafeking and Kimberley, this has, thus far, proved ineffectual, although the British garrisons in those places are weak. Both in the eastern and western campaigns, the Boer artillery seems to have been ill served, although expert German artillerists were said to have been secured. As for the marksmanship of the Boer riflemen, this appears to have been almost as unerring as ever, if we may judge from the large proportion of British officers killed at Smith Hill. The slaughter of officers, however, caused by the Boer sharpshooters did not have the expected effect; the British soldiers rushed forward undismayed, and seem to have finally carried the height with the bayonet.

A SECTION OF THE SIXTH ARTILLERY, NEAR FT. MALATE

THE CAMPAIGN IN LUZON

By FREDERICK PALMER *

GENERAL OTIS

GENERAL FUNSTON is to have only a few whiffs of the reviving autumnal air of his native State—which is Kansas, as you may have heard Kansans say—before he returns to the Philippine oven; and General Lawton has taken San Isidro. That is the news of the moment from our Eastern possessions. We should pay more attention to it if we were not so interested in what the British and the Boers are doing in South Africa. The first theatrics of a war are always the most attractive. The public as well as the war correspondents get tired toward the last. In the final battle (Domoko) of the Greco-Turkish War, which was the biggest and finest battle since the Russo-Turkish War, about ten times as many men were killed and wounded as in all previous engagements. But people would not read an account of it. They knew beforehand that the Greeks would be beaten; and that was all they cared for.

After the first theatrics of this Transvaal war are over some enterprising newspaper will republish its map of the Philippines to remind us that we have a war of our own on hand and to show us just where San Isidro is. Incidentally, while the British have been busy with transports we have been embarking from three to six thousand men from San Francisco for Manila every week, without any fuss or fluster, as the War Department is an old hand at making war now. When the reinforcements get to work as a part of the army of sixty-five thousand which General Otis is to have at his disposal, we shall be interested in putting peg after peg in our maps indicating town after town as it falls out of the Filipinos' hands into ours. San Isidro is important as the first peg in the dry season's campaign, which brightened the sky with promise during the rainy season.

Moreover, San Isidro is distinguished because General Otis announces that instead of evacuating it he is going to establish a garrison there. This ought to gratify General Lawton, who has laboriously marched down more hills that he had laboriously marched up than any other general in our army. He knows San Isidro of old. His men made the only accurate maps of the country surrounding it, and most of the roads leading to it from Manila, in place of roads which existed only on Spanish maps.

It was after Lawton had taken San Fernando in May that MacArthur was sent to San Isidro; the purpose being, so we supposed, to catch Aguinaldo between his column and MacArthur's, although General Otis does not impart his plans to anybody either before or after they have failed. But the island of Luzon is large; and the Lawton expedition, such is the excellence of Aguinaldo's intelligence bureau, was no more than fairly started before the Filipino army appeared on the flank of MacArthur's division opposite to where it was wanted and began taking pot shots at the worn and cynical Montana regiment. On his second trip Lawton seems to have marched to San Isidro in less than two days' time, which is proof of the advantage of making your own maps and roads in the Philippines. His first trip occupied more than a week. Its worst enemy was sickness. It ran short of food and had to leave its guns behind, and there is no telling what might have happened if it had not been for the six-footers of the North Dakotas, who wore the native water buffalo out in its own climate, lifted the buffalo carts over bowlders and then carried them on by sheer force. They were as cheerful about it as the ever-patient six-foot general, equally fine soldier and man, who never knows fatigue.

"It's kind of tiresome," they said, "but we guess it's war all right."

History may record our numerous expeditions that have retraced their steps as only topographical surveying parties which have incidentally accomplished a good work in keeping the enemy busy. Now that General Otis has the men and has the money, if there ever is cause for complaint it must come on this side of the Pacific. It will be interesting to watch his methods. Will he try to whip the strength out of the enemy by many little expeditions or will he clean up the country province by province, garrisoning each one against any invasion of the enemy?

We have as yet merely "scratched" the island. Beyond Lawton's and MacArthur's outposts lie the parts of it most difficult to traverse and where our men are most likely to break down with fever or with dysentery. Less than a third of the railway line to Dagupan is in our possession. The morasses that we have crossed are nothing to the morasses that lie before us. Much depends upon whether or not Aguinaldo and his men show that they can fight in the mountains as well as they have on the plains, and upon just how much he and the other leaders pine for the luxuries of Hong Kong. If they resist to the last the task before us is not a small one.

The men going out from 'Frisco now may be sure that they have as many opportunities for glory as the veterans who are returning have had. The prospect before them is less cheerful than the prospect before the British soldiers in South Africa, who have before them a fair, open fight on the veldt, and then the occupation of Johannesburg. If Aguinaldo should surrender in a month our men must still undergo the hardships of patrolling tropical territory where the foot of the white man has scarcely trod.

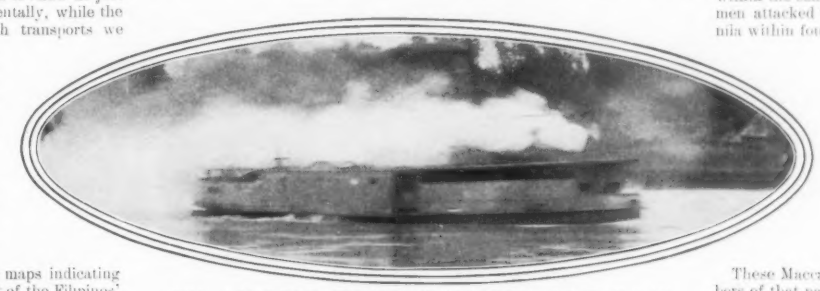
As a base of supplies from which we can strike sure and swift blows in the surrounding country, San Isidro is well fitted, if it can be provisioned and munitioned while the Rio Grande remains navigable. The Rio Grande is the largest river in Luzon. Calumpit, where the railroad crosses it in the flat lands near its mouth, was known as the Gibraltar of the Filipinos. The Spaniards never drove them past this point. MacArthur's division had little trouble in taking the great trenches that they had built here, while the Kansas men had a chance to perform another of their famous swimming exploits. The next day Aguinaldo sent in his first emissaries asking for peace, which showed that he was not quite as light-hearted as he was when he promised his leaders a dinner in the governor-general's palace the evening after hostilities should begin.

Eight miles further on along the railroad is San Fernando, where MacArthur's division was stationed during the rainy season. San Fernando, Calumpit and the base of the mountains are in the circumference of an imaginary circle of which San Isidro is the centre. Thus columns thrown out either from San Fernando or San Isidro ought to keep the country pretty well cleared from the mountains to the sea. The trick of the insurgents will be to dodge these columns, striking them on their flank when there is a chance, and avoid being caught in a trap. General Lawton met with scarcely any opposition in his advance to San Isidro, and yet within the same week a band of Pio del Pilar's men attacked the defences of the city of Manila within four miles of General Otis's office.

General Otis's intentions, it would seem, are to keep track of the enemy by means of his Maccabebe scouts and to capture a bunch of rifles, as it were, wherever he can. The man who carries the rifle really does not count. He is only another mouth for our government to feed. There are two or three soldiers for every rifle in the Filipino army.

These Maccabebe scouts are the first members of that native army which in the future we no doubt will find to our advantage in policing the Philippines. The Maccabebes belong to a different clan from that of the Tagalogs. They hate the Tagalogs like poison, and ever since we occupied the little section of territory that they call home they have been begging us to put rifles in their hands in order that they might strike at their old enemies. They were the basis of the native regiments which did such excellent work for the Spaniards.

Captain Batson, lately a lieutenant in the Fourth Cavalry, who is commanding the Maccabebes, is in his element. Already they have engaged about twice their number of the enemy, driving them from their trenches, taking two Tagalog officers and several other prisoners. It was Batson who captured the town of Quingua with seven cavalrymen, and it was Batson and Captain Wheeler who stood off four hundred Filipinos when eleven of their twenty-two men were wounded and dying. The same Batson and Captain Sawtelle, of General MacArthur's staff, would sit up till midnight playing chess by candlelight when they had to go into action again next morning. He is one of those young men of the regular army best described by the word "thoroughbred." This class is quiet-mannered, with a woman's sensitiveness to a sharp word from a superior officer, never tiring, smiling,



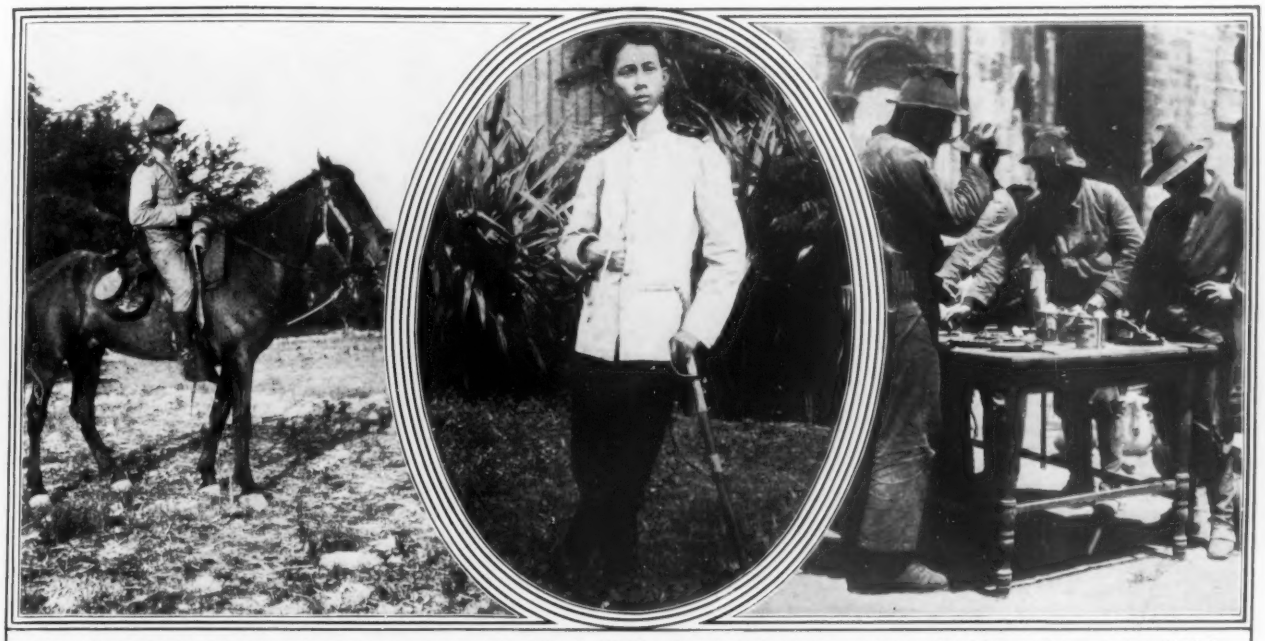
THE ARMORED GUNBOAT "LAGUNA DE BAY" IN ACTION ON THE PASIG RIVER

** Mr. Frederick Palmer, the American war correspondent, will again represent COLLIER'S WEEKLY during the present campaign in the Philippines. His letters will appear at regular intervals, and will be profusely illustrated from photographs taken at the front and drawings by special artists.*

PICTURE BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

CRAWLING UNDER HER LEE

THE MOST REMARKABLE FEATURE OF THE RECENT RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP: THE AMERICAN YACHT "COLUMBIA" OVERTAKING AND PASSING THE BRITISH CHALLENGER "SHAMROCK" TO LEEWARD WHILE BLANKETED BY THE LATTER'S SAILS



CAPTAIN BATSON OF THE MACCABEBE (NATIVE FILIPINO) SCOUTS — GENERAL PILAR, WHO, IT IS REPORTED, PROPOSED TO SELL OUT AGUINALDO — TABLE D'HOTE—A SQUAD OF "MONTANA CYNICS" AT DINNER

cool-headed and quick-witted in the face of danger, watching carefully that every man takes advantage of cover if possible but never taking cover themselves. Batson would make good cavalrymen out of the clumsiest, most awkward creatures on earth. They would believe him and follow him anywhere. But, unfortunately, in all wars it is generally the Batsons who are killed.

Manila at this moment must be as busy as General Otis always is. In the evening the general sometimes enjoys a cigar, while he works at the desk which he keeps at the palace of the Spanish governor-general. Never until he took command in Manila could he find enough work to do. As a colonel in command at regimental barracks in the days when the regular army was smaller than it is now, and the present generation of officers would wonder if they would ever have a chance to see any action, he would go to his adjutant and say:

"My work is all done. If you have any that isn't finished, let me have it, won't you?"

The adjutant would give up a pile of papers and the General would take them gleefully to his desk.

The palace at Malacanan is a fine old structure, Spanish style inside and out, fronting on the Pasig. I doubt if the General has ever been in all of its spacious rooms. He knows that there is a dining-room, a bedroom, and a room where he can work out of office hours, when he is not at the palace in the old walled city from which the Spanish governors-general ruled the islands. He occupies one of a row of offices on the second floor, running around a great open court. The other offices are occupied by the telegraphers and the heads of departments who in this dry season have an army nearly three times the size of the army of the last dry season to care for.

The General has never sent newly-arrived troops immediately to the front. He stations them in reserve in the city until they are shaken down and acclimatized. Before they go out to fight the Filipinos the newly-arrived officers will have to fight for accommodations for their families. Following an ocean trip, the heat seems unbearable for the first few days.

Funston has a right to be proud of his promotion in that there is nothing political about it. General Otis is exceedingly fond of him, and recommended him purely out of recognition for his spirit and valor. On the same day that the little colonel, who always wanted to swim a stream when he saw a Filipino on the other side of it, was notified that he was to be a brigadier, he was wounded in the hand. When he went to report to General Otis for duty in his new rank his arm was in a sling.

"Well, I was going to assign you immediately," he said, "but now I think I'll have a medical board report on that wound of yours first."

With the due formality which the General respects in all things, a board was called, and the board gravely notified Major-General Otis that if Brigadier-General Funston were to expose himself to the hardship of active campaigning before his wound healed there was danger of blood poisoning.

"Confound it, but I was a big fool to wear that sling," Funston said. "I might have known that it would get me into trouble."

He is not the only officer in Major-General MacArthur's division who has been well treated. MacArthur has many of the characteristics of his Scotch ancestors. For one thing, he likes to see those associated with him get on well. Out of Putnam Bradlee Strong, the son of New York's ex-Mayor, who had some National Guard experience and spirit in place of knowledge as to an adjutant's duties, he made a first-class working adjutant of division. The General is a quiet man himself, and the first requirement he makes when he is searching for a staff officer is that he shall be modest and hard-working. Two of his aides, Captain Bell and Captain Lockett, and Wallace, late lieutenant-colonel of the Montanas which fought in his division, have been made colonels of the new volunteer regiments. If these three colonels should be brigaded together, with Funston in command, it would be the brigade of MacArthur's pupils. Not one of these men had any more pull, politically, in Washington than an army mule: Funston came of civil life; and Bell, Lockett and Wallace are among the working members of the regular army of the Batson class—Batson being another MacArthur man.

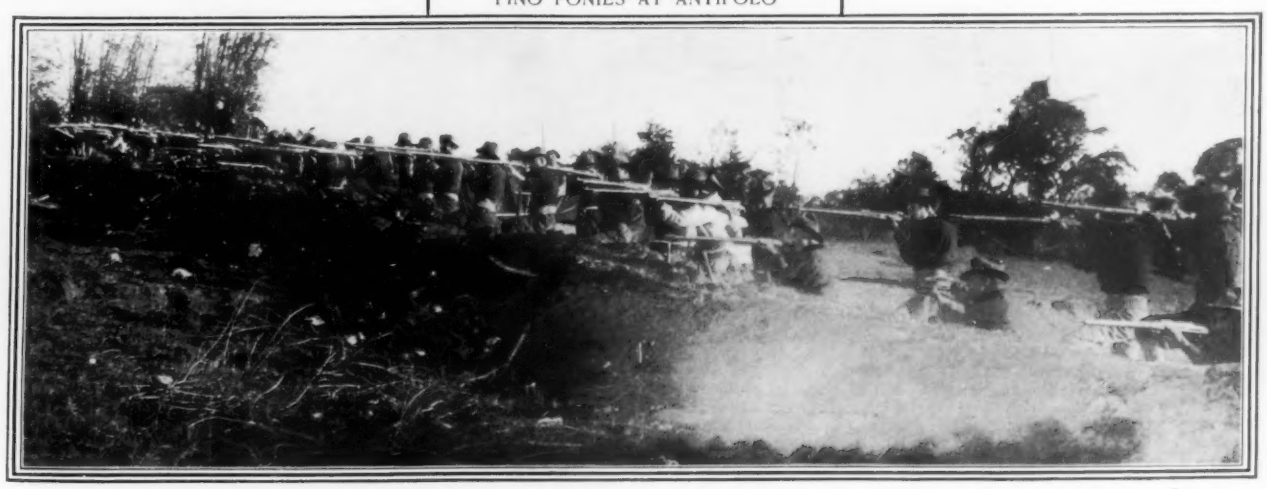
Bell was MacArthur's chief of scouts. In the course of a few weeks he was wounded in his thigh, had one bullet lodged in his saddle, his field glasses shattered, and a button cut off his tunic by others. He is a large man, but nevertheless, owing to his experience on the frontier, he was able to crawl through grass and make his way where no one else could without being seen. Often he wore no revolver, regarding it as an impediment.

Wallace, only a young lieutenant of regulars, is a born cavalryman, over six feet in height, of such a buoyant nature that he always seemed to me to regard the war in the Philippines not as a campaign but as a kind of garden party where he was having more fun than anybody else. At Caloocan a Mauser bullet went through one of his lungs. The doctor told him that the outlook was rather bad.

"I'll be back with my regiment in two weeks," said Wallace; and he was.

If the proposed Funston brigade should fall under MacArthur's command, he ought, before the next rainy season, to develop Funston into a major-general and all the others into brigadiers.

TROOP I, 4TH CAVALRY, ON FILIPINO PONIES AT ANTIPOLO



THE FIRING LINE OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS ON THE ADVANCE TOWARD SAN ISIDRO

THE MOST REMARKABLE FEATURE OF THE RECENT RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP: THE AMERICAN YACHT COLUMBIA OVERTAKING AND PASSING THE BRITISH CHALLENGER "SHAMROCK" TO LEEWARD WHILE BLANKETED BY THE LATTER'S SAILS

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FUNSTON

THE TWENTIETH KANSAS MARCHING FROM THE TRANSPORT DOCK TO THE PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

THE KANSAS VOLUNTEERS ON THE DECK OF THE "TARTAR"

BOARDING THE "TARTAR"

THE TATTERED BATTLEFLAGS OF THE KANSAS REGIMENT

THE RETURN OF FUNSTON AND THE KANSAS VOLUNTEERS

ON THE MORNING of October the 11th the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers arrived in San Francisco. Public curiosity was aroused concerning this famous regiment which went out thirteen hundred strong and returned reduced by death, sickness and other causes to seven hundred and eight. Before the transport *Tartar* had run into her slip the water about her was alive with tugs, launches and wherries, and many of those inquiring for relatives and friends climbed up the sides, too impatient to wait till she docked. One of the San Francisco reporters, eager to be the first aboard, was drowned in the attempt.

In the afternoon the Kansas men marched through the city to their quarters in the Presidio Reservation.

The arrival of troops in San Francisco is now of so common occurrence that it evokes but passing interest, but the record of Funston and the Twentieth Kansas was such that a tremendous crowd lined the streets, anxious to see "the long-legged jays" whose yell was so disconcerting to the followers of Aguinaldo.

Brigadier-General Funston was also an object of intense admiration and curiosity. The general looked neat and trim as ever, though somewhat thinner than when he left this country. His remarkable record for bravery and reckless daring was known to most of those present and they cheered him accordingly. Some of those who beheld him remembered how his record, besides his Philippine experiences, includes a nine-hundred-mile journey through Alaska in the dead of a polar winter, a one-thousand-mile trip down the Yukon alone in an open boat, a passage through the terrible Death Valley in Southern California, and numerous blood-stirring adventures in the guerilla warfare between Cuba and Spain.

Captain Clarke of Company H, who shares the honors for personal bravery with his superior officer, was not with the regiment, having returned invalided on the hospital ship *Relief*. It was Captain Clarke who, with nine men, on the night of April 4, held back the enemy's line all night, volleying back at them with such vigor that the Filipinos thought a large force was opposing them. The *Tartar* also brought with her the two soldiers—White and Trembley—who at the memorable crossing of the Rio Grande at Calumpit swam the river carrying a line which was to be used in towing the rafts. White was mustered out in Manila, but Trembley is still a member of the Twentieth Kansas.

When the Twentieth Kansas encamped on the outskirts of San Francisco, one summer ago, the regiment was such a sorry-looking lot that it was promptly dubbed the "Kansas Jays." The young recruits had left their homes in Kansas for Topeka, where they were mustered into service, wearing their old farm clothes. They thought that the State of Kansas would equip them with uniforms forthwith, but the State failed to do so, and so they were hustled into the overland trains in their old duds, thus furnishing food for laughter and humorous gibes to the reporters of the Pacific Coast newspapers.

Yet the Twentieth Kansas did not contain a man who could not read and write, and the majority of the commissioned officers held college degrees. Colonel Funston was not the only man on the regimental roster who had made his name before Byron's dread age of thirty. The lieutenant-colonel was a man who, while representing our country as consul-general at Cairo, had impelled Richard Harding Davis to dedicate his "Rules of the Mediterranean" to him, and the regimental major was a man of professional military training and unusual culture.

General Funston's career has been remarkable in more than one respect. Since his boyhood he has been known popularly as a "bantam," owing to his diminutive size. Even to the present day his weight does not exceed that of a racing jockey or college coxswain, barely tipping the scales at one hundred and ten pounds.

He was born in Ohio in 1866, and was then remarkable as a small baby. He first acquired his fighting reputation at the Kansas State University in his early twenties, where he alternated his pursuit of knowledge with the pursuit of coin—first as a Santa Fé train brakeman, then as a Kansas City newspaper reporter, and later as a government explorer in Montana and in the Dakotas. As mentioned above, he was the only member of the government surveying party who went into the Death Valley of Southern California in 1891 and came out alive. While engaged in these pursuits he distinguished himself among his Western companions by tackling a cowboy twice his size, who was firing a six-shooter at random. He chased him clean out of town.

In 1892 Funston left college and made another trip to Alaska. He went down the Yukon and up the Porcupine River, spending most of the winter under the Arctic Circle. At that time a rumor came that a whaling fleet was caught in the ice of the Arctic region. Funston went to find it. His guide lost his way and took him nine hundred miles on snowshoes beyond their goal. Finally he found the fleet locked up in the ice, but in good condition. Having satisfied himself in this matter he paddled his way back in an open canoe down the Porcupine and the Yukon to Behring Sea, a distance of over fifteen hundred miles.

After the Arctic seas Funston tried the tropics. For six months he tried to establish a coffee plantation in Central America, and then, kicking over the traces, he made for Cuba as a filibuster on the *Dauntless*. His original intention was to go there as a war correspondent, but his sympathies having become enlisted he entered into the thick of the fight and took a prominent part in the battle of Desmayo, which was later described by him in his records of the Cuban war.

In the Cuban guerilla army Funston rose from lieutenant and captain to lieutenant-colonel and later chief of artillery under Gomez. After Osgood's death it was Funston who fired the first dynamite gun ever used in real war.

When the Spanish-American War broke out, Funston made for home and was appointed colonel of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers by Governor Leedy of Kansas. After he took charge of his regiment in San Francisco his boys immediately took rank with the best commands in camp. He devoted his time to keeping the camp clean. Their sick list was the smallest in the division; they drilled like convicts. When he unburdened his mind to them in the mestizo profanity of the Yukon and Central America, they stood up straight in their ecstasy. "I have noticed," he said to the regiment one day last year, "that you boys are getting sloppy in your manners. When you meet a superior officer you kind of flick a fly from your ear and go on. Now after this you just stop flicking flies and stand up so straight that you think you are falling over backward."

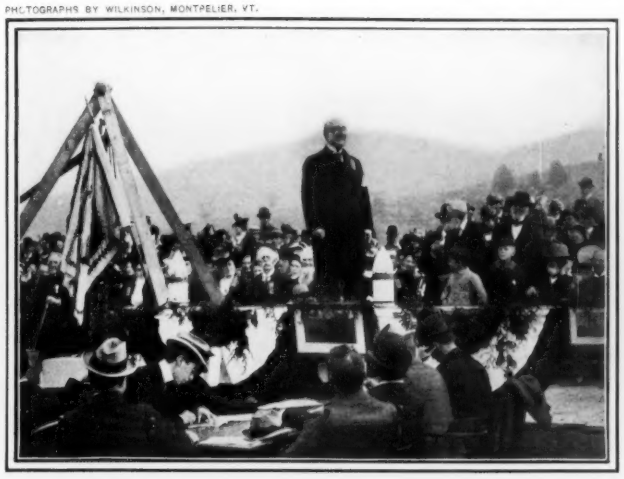
When it came to fighting in the Philippines, Kansas was the first in the fight. Funston had to be called back a thousand yards to keep his Kansas men from bulging out the firing line. He took his men into Caloocan before the rest, and he was the first at Malolos.

His famous exploit before the enemy, when two of his men swam the river under fire and he crawled across the trestle on all fours with a rope in his teeth, won him his last step as brigadier of the now celebrated brigade of Western Volunteer Regiments.

Seasoned soldier and adventurer as he is, he takes his lionizing in good part. Only one thing, so far, has ruffled his temper. That was when William Allen White, his Kansas countryman who put the famous question, "What is the matter with Kansas?" charged him with being a sloven in his dress. In his appreciation of Funston, White wrote: "Many a heroic deed in this world has been left undone because it would soil a shirt, but with Funston the deed, not the shirt, has ever been of primary importance. Throughout his life it has been of more importance to him to accomplish his ends than to keep his cuffs clean."

As a regimental commander with whom it has been a point of pride to keep his regiment up to the utmost notch of cleanliness, General Funston objects to this characterization. To use his own word he considers it a "grind."

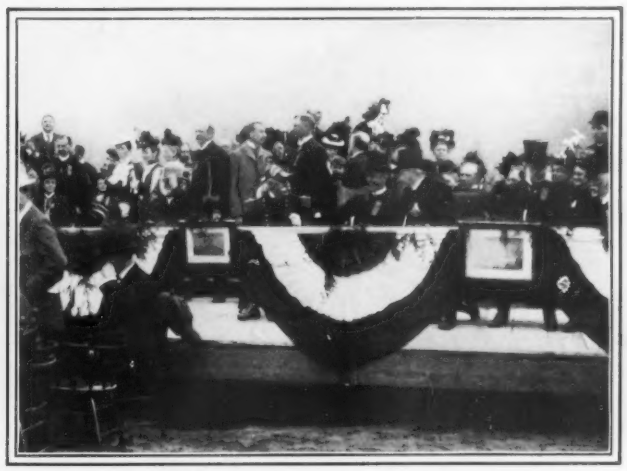
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILKINSON, MONTPELIER, VT.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW DELIVERING THE ORATION

THE ADMIRAL ABOUT TO LAY THE CORNERSTONE

THE ADMIRAL SALUTING THE FLAG OF FARRAGUT



AN INFORMAL RECEPTION AFTER SENATOR DEPEW'S SPEECH

ADMIRAL DEWEY AT NORTHFIELD

ADMIRAL DEWEY AT NORTHFIELD AND BOSTON

AFTER AN ABSENCE of forty-five years, marking his progress from the rank of cadet to that of commander of the navy, Admiral Dewey went back to Northfield, Vt., the other day, and laid the cornerstone of a new Memorial Hall which is being erected in his honor on the grounds of Norwich University and which is to bear his name. It was at Norwich that George Dewey first was taught the military principles he afterward put into practice with such glorious results, and the town and the college, proud to bursting of him and his achievements, gave the returned hero such a welcome as staid and stable old Vermont never had seen.

The movement for the "Dewey Hall" had its inception among the friends of Norwich University soon after the battle of Manila Bay. The money for it was promptly raised among the alumni of the institution and ground was broken for the actual work of construction on the first anniversary of that event, May 1, when Captain Charles E. Clark of the *Oregon* officiated. The laying of the cornerstone was reserved for the Admiral himself, and on that mission he arrived at Northfield on Friday, October 13.

It was a great day for Northfield. The little village had more people, more flags, more bunting, more enthusiasm and more glory than ever before. Triumphal arches, not so elaborate in design but just as patriotic in motive as that at New York, spanned the streets, and welcoming inscriptions were everywhere. A great arch at the entrance to the University grounds bore "George Dewey, Cadet, 1854" on one side and on the other "Admiral George Dewey, 1899." Wherever he went the Admiral was confronted with "Welcome, Son," and "Alma Mater Greets Her Son."

DEWEY'S CARRIAGE

THE PARADE ON COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON

Admiral Dewey was wakened from peaceful slumber in the private car that had brought him from Montpelier on Friday morning by a salute of seventeen guns given by the cadet corps. He got out for an early morning tramp about the old town, which he enjoyed with a characteristic relish. Then the battalion of cadets came down and escorted the Admiral and the regiment up through the town to University Hill. The passage through the village streets was accomplished amid unbounded enthusiasm.

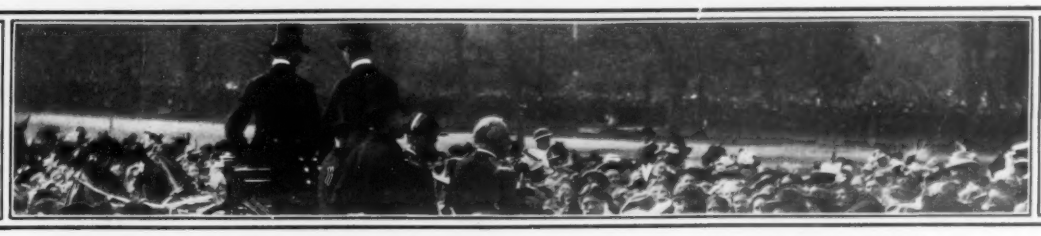
On a platform in rear of the main college hall the exercises took place in the presence of a company which included many of the most prominent men of the State with not a few from beyond its borders. Conspicuous in the group was Rear-Admiral Belknap.

Admiral Dewey advanced to the front of the platform, took a trowel in hand, spread the mortar over the place where the stone was to be, and, as it was slowly lowered on to its bed, said: "I now declare this stone duly and truly laid and according to my wish."

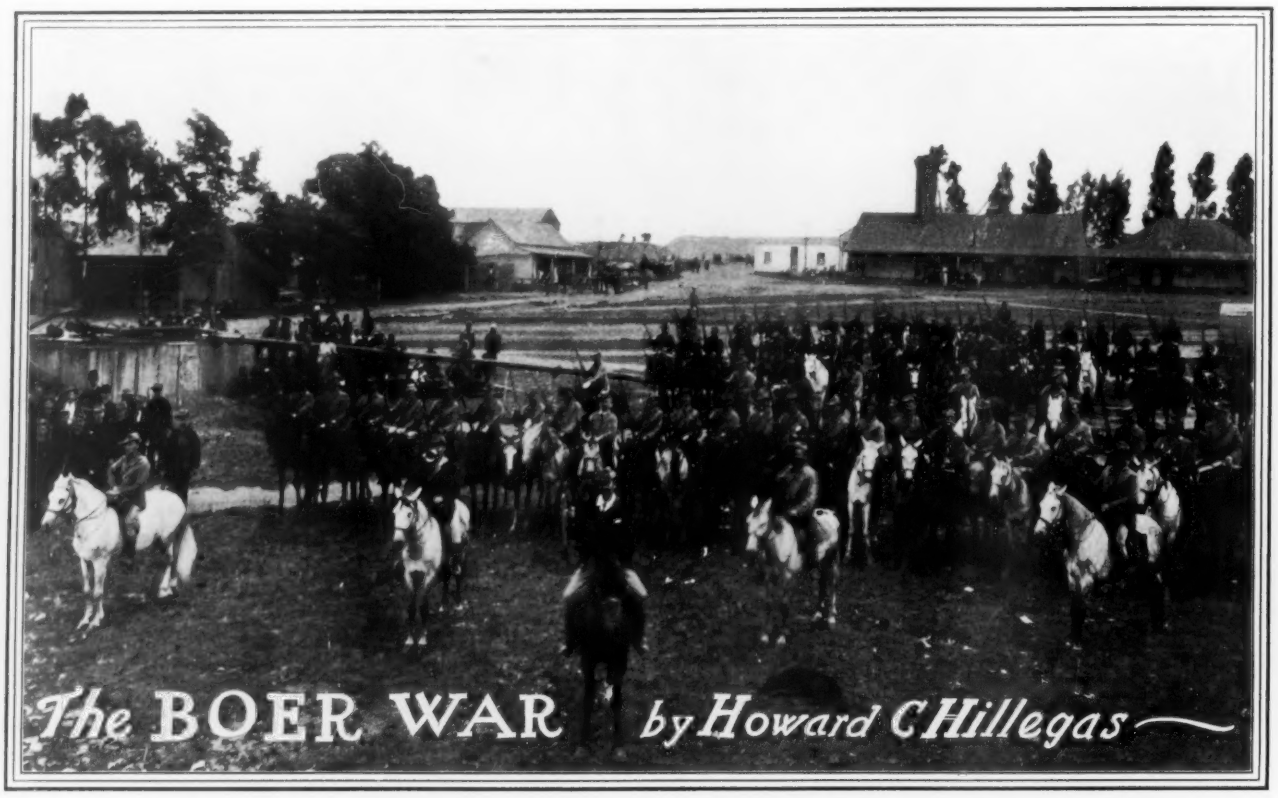
That was the Admiral's only effort at speechmaking. That work he was glad to leave to Senator Chauncey M. Depew, who was the orator of the day, and whose oration was an eloquent laudation of Admiral Dewey's career which evoked frequent outbursts of applause.

At Boston the Admiral had two arduous days. Twenty-five thousand people met him at the station and gave him loud acclaim, and ten thousand war veterans escorted him to his quarters at the Hotel Touraine. The next day began with a musical recital by twenty-five thousand school children on the Common at ten o'clock. The youngsters sang patriotic songs for half an hour, after which the Admiral made them a short address. Then he was hurried to a reviewing stand at the City Hall, where Mayor Quincy presented him, in the name of the city of Boston, with a watch richly set in jewels.

On Sunday the Admiral received many visitors, dined at the Somerset Club, and left at night for Washington.



ADMIRAL DEWEY ADDRESSING THE SCHOOL CHILDREN ON BOSTON COMMON



A BOER COMMANDO ON THE FRONTIER OF NATAL

AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS of fighting in South Africa the only visible advantage may be said to rest with the press censor who has allowed only half the news to reach the outer world. If his views can be taken as authentic information, then the British army has been triumphant thus far, even at a great loss of men and officers; but there is an off-chance that the Boers will have a different story to tell when the embargo has been removed from the cable despatches. With the Boer country so completely surrounded by British territory that hardly a letter or despatch can be smuggled out of it, and with the London newspapers working quite as industriously at providing sensations as they did during our war with Spain, it is difficult to see in what manner legitimate Boer news can escape before the end of the war. As a consequence of this the Boer army may be on the outskirts of Capetown, but we must believe that the British army is bombarding Pretoria, if the censored cablegrams so inform us.

The campaign during the first two weeks was confined to the vicinity of the battlefields in the "Neck of Natal," the northern part of that colony where, ever since the Boer Voortrekkers of 1835 crossed the Drakensburg Mountains to find a haven of rest, white man's blood has been soiling the ground at intervals of about twenty years. Within a radius of less than sixty miles of the town of Ladysmith, the scene of the present activities, are the sites of battlefields upon which fell no less than one hundred thousand blacks and whites. In the early part of the century the warlike Zulus under Tshaka, Mosclekatze and Dingaan had inter-tribal wars which resulted in almost a practical annihilation of the race, and the number of men killed in those battles alone has been placed as high as one hundred and fifty thousand. When the Boers entered the territory they were attacked at the place now called Weenen, after the weeping for the dead that followed, and left more than ten thousand Zulus and several hundred Boers dead on the field. About 1850, in the wars against Moshesh and the Basutos, who murdered and pillaged at every opportunity, the whites killed no less than five thousand negroes in the country west of the Natal border. Within sight of the Natal border is the famous battlefields of Isandlwana and Ulundi, where, in 1879, the British soldiers killed more than ten thousand of Cetywayo's Zulu warriors. Two years later in the Boer war for independence the country in the vicinity of the most northerly point of Natal reeked with the blood of British and Boers. Ingogo Heights, Laing's Nek, Majuba Hill and Newcastle are names which were written into South African history with the blood of almost a thousand men. It is on such historic ground and amid such grim surroundings that the white man is rounding out the century by struggling for supremacy exactly as his uncivilized and barbarous brother, the Zulu, ushered it in.

The principal fighting has been at a small town called Glencoe Junction, where the main line of the Durban-Johannesburg Railway is joined by a short line running eastward a distance of fifteen miles to the Dundee coal-fields. In the first days of the war a force variously estimated as being from sixteen hundred to eighteen thousand men in strength and assumed to be under the leadership of Commandant-General Pieter Joubert, the Vice-President of the Republic and the hero of the Boer war for independence, crossed the Natal border and marched toward Ladysmith, the headquarters of the British forces under General Sir George Stewart White, supreme in command of all of her Majesty's troops in the country. On October 20, when the Boer advance reached Glencoe Junction, forty-five miles north of Ladysmith, the advance guard of the British forces, consisting of the Irish Fusiliers and the King's Rifles, met them as they were about to descend a kopjie, or small hill. It was seven o'clock in the morning, the South African winter sunrise, when the two forces clashed, and for eight hours they engaged in a battle which even the curtailed press despatches declare was filled with valorous deeds on both sides. The British soldiers finally gained the kopjie's summit and dispersed the Boers, who left three field guns to mark the spot from where they had killed thirty-one British officers and men and wounded one hundred and fifty-one others, among them General Sir William Symons, one of the most valuable and experienced officers in the British army. The Boer losses could not be ascertained by the British, owing, no doubt, to the old-time Boer habit of concealing the dead and injured far in the rear of the camp.

The following day another engagement took place at Elandslaagte, a small town on the railway about fifteen miles north of Ladysmith, which had previously been occupied by a force of about one thousand Boers under General Jan Kock, one of the Transvaal's ablest military men. The fighting continued only several hours and the Boers retired before the larger force, but not until General Kock, his son and General Viljoen were left dead on the field of battle. Commandant Pretorius, a grandson of the first President of the Republic, was taken prisoner. Like Pieter Uys and half a score of other generals famous in Boer history, Kock fell while fighting and was about to be carried to the rear by his son when the latter was struck by a bullet, the two dying together as Boers love to die. The British casualties consisted of five officers killed and thirty wounded, and thirty-seven men killed and one hundred and seventy-five wounded, a total of two hundred and forty-seven. Several other smaller engagements took place between Free State forces and small detachments of British soldiers that met west of Ladysmith, but none was of a decisive nature.

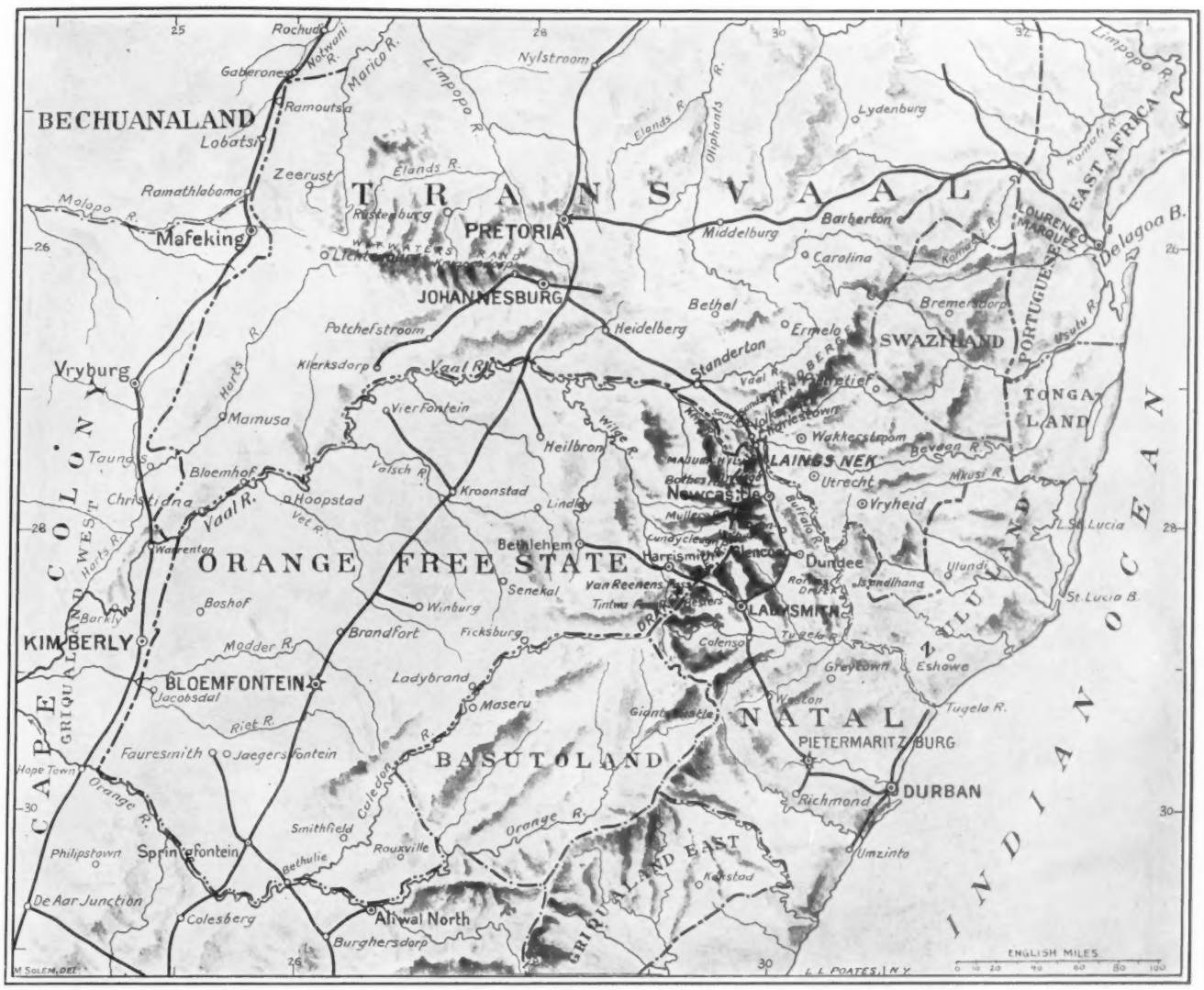
Another branch of the Boer army, under the leadership of General Cronje, who defeated Jameson's Troopers when they invaded the Transvaal in 1895, crossed the western border of the Republic immediately after the declaration of war, and, by destroying the Cape Government railway and telegraph lines above the little town of Mafeking and below Kimberley, completely isolated those two important points and prevented the escape from Mafeking of Colonel Baden-Powell, with a small force of Border Police, and shut into Kimberley the Rt. Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes, the head of the diamond mines and the Boers' arch enemy. The Boers made attacks on several armored trains and captured a few minor strategic points with small losses on either side, but made no aggressive movements of any moment, being apparently content for the time being to have absolute command of the situation in that part of the territory and to prevent reinforcements from the north or south from reaching the garrisons at the two towns. Colonel Baden-Powell, who is in Mafeking, won renown in the Matabele compaigns in the Rhodesian country, where the natives called him "Impesa," the wolf, because he was accustomed to wear rubber-soled shoes on the night patrols, so as to get over the rocks silently. His force, augmented by "Rhodes' Rough Riders," comprising the managers and workmen of the Kimberley diamond mines, consists of about two thousand men. A small force of the Rhodesian Troop, a police organization, under Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Plumer, another soldier who gained a military reputation in the Matabele campaigns, set out to join Baden-Powell's force at Kimberley, but was prevented from doing so by reason of the Boers' strategic move of taking possession of the railroad and all the drifts or fords in the Malopo River, north of Mafeking.

In accordance with a prearranged plan of action, which called for the capture of all the railways leading into the Boer countries, small Orange Free State forces have crossed the southern border of that Republic and have taken possession of the railroads leading to the coast at Capetown, Port Elizabeth, and East London. Before the end of the first week of the war the Boer forces had possession of all the railroads that might be used for transporting troops from the coast, a movement that will prove of great advantage when the reinforcements of General Sir Redvers Buller arrive from England. Whether Buller lands his forces at Capetown, Port Elizabeth, East London, or Durban, he will be obliged to transport them inland over one of the railroads which lead from the coast into the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. The Boers, having possession of all the railroads in their country, undoubtedly hope to be able to transport their forces quickly enough to cope with Buller's army at any point which he may choose to cross into their country.

All the accounts that have been allowed to leave South Africa indicate that the Boer forces at the three points where they have come in contact with the British soldiers have aggregated less than eight thousand men. In view of this fact, it seems that the body of the Boer army is likely to make an incursion into British territory at a point where their presence is not anticipated. Vague reports have it that Boer forces have entered Zululand, east of Natal, and not far from the sea, and it would be quite in keeping with old-time Boer tactics to make a long detour of the British forces at Ladysmith and fall upon unprotected Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, or Durban, the seaport city. The capture of Pietermaritzburg would be without any but moral effect, and, as the Boers are not fighting for such an end, it would be of greater material benefit if the Boers should attack and capture the port of Natal, where they might prevent Buller and his army from effecting a landing. The taking of such an important position would at once gain for the Boers the admiration of the Zulus, who generally assist whom they admire, and would undoubtedly have great moral effect upon the Dutch of Cape Colony and Natal, who for some reason have not gone to the assistance of their co-religionists in such great numbers as the Boers were led to believe they would. Once having Durban in their hands the Boers would undoubtedly appeal to the conscience of Europe for a recognition of the justice of their position and ask for intervention. Whether the offer of such a magnificent harbor as Durban could tempt Russia, France or Germany to intervene is a question for the future to answer.

The campaign in Northern Natal has been carried on in one of the most picturesque regions in South Africa,

Mr. Howard C. Hillegas, author of "Oom Paul's People," was for many years a resident of South Africa. He writes, therefore, from intimate knowledge of the country and its people and the political conditions which brought on the present Boer war against the British.

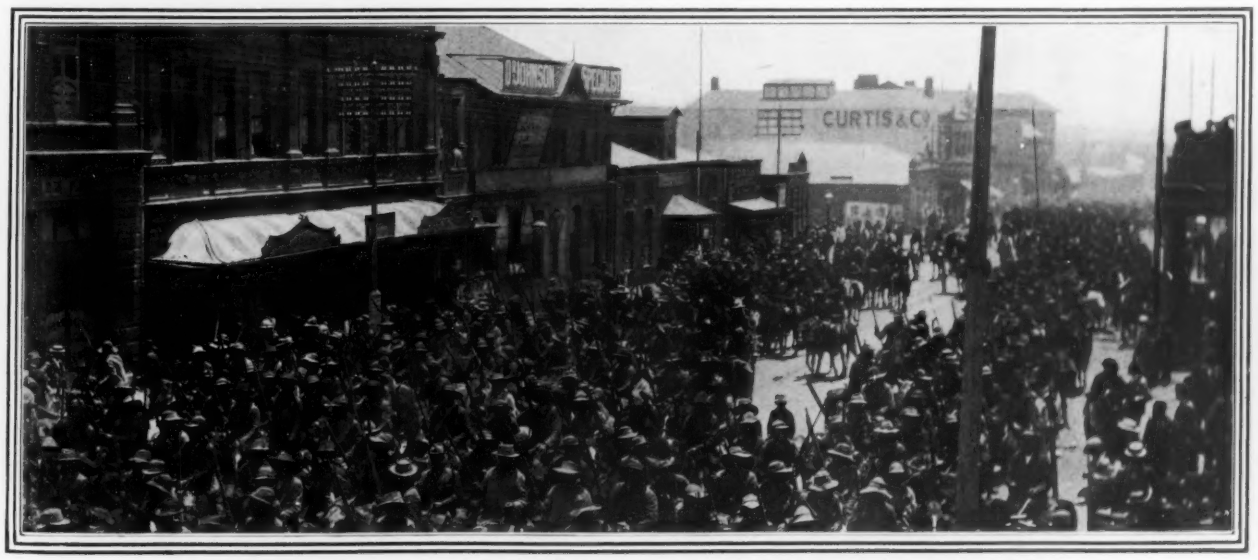


DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY M. SOLEM

A NEW AND AUTHENTIC MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

and in a climate that all the year round is like that of our early October. Winter begins there about October, but the weather is mild and balmy, except after the heavy rains, which have caused the natives to call it the wet season instead of winter. The town of Ladysmith, which has a population of about five thousand whites, Indian "coolies" and negroes, is of third rank in Natal, and is rather progressive, having water-works, illuminating gas, and a small number of manufacturing plants. It is situated near the Klip River, in the centre of a semicircle of small hills, upon one of which is the fort and prison. Its appearance is not unlike that of a small county-seat in any of our Southern States. North of Ladysmith the country is open and dotted with low, stony hillocks, fitted for the Boer style of fighting. Mimosa trees stud the broad alluvial valleys, and here and there, from the railroad, farm homesteads, bowered in dense groves of blue-gum trees, can be observed. Elandslaagte is in a bleak and lonely country, yet withal interesting. The great snow-covered peaks of the Drakensburg, thirty miles to the westward, pierce the low-hanging clouds and rise to heights of twelve thousand feet, while in the east are Isandhlwana and other Zululand eminences, grim and hazy in the distance. Near the passes in the Drakensburg, through which the Free State forces marched to meet those of the Transvaal, are the Tugela Falls, whose waters, falling over a precipice of eighteen hundred feet, can easily be observed at a distance of ten miles; the Bushmen caves, with their ancient pictures of men and beasts carved in the rock; Giants' Castle, a small rocky inclosure, where half a century ago sixty Natalians held five thousand natives at bay; and scores of magnificent landscapes of mountain and plain.

Allowing that the engagements between the forces of the Boers and British during the first two weeks of the war were mere outpost fights, and there is nothing to indicate that they were of greater moment, then the Boers may claim that the advantage thus far is theirs. They occupy the large area in the Neck of Natal, control the country and the communication in British Bechuanaland, west of the Transvaal, and hold a large strip of territory in the north of Cape Colony. The British casualties they have inflicted aggregate about five hundred. Their fighting has been as valorous and effective as their friends declared it would be, and they have given abundant reason to believe that General Buller will not reach Pretoria in six months, much less in six weeks, as he stated before leaving for South Africa. Until the last Boer dies there will be no surrender, and while so many of them live they will watch for the reappearance of the white flag of Great Britain which they saw at Doornkop, Ingogo, and Majuba Hill.



A COMMANDO OF BOERS LEAVING JOHANNESBURG FOR THE FRONT

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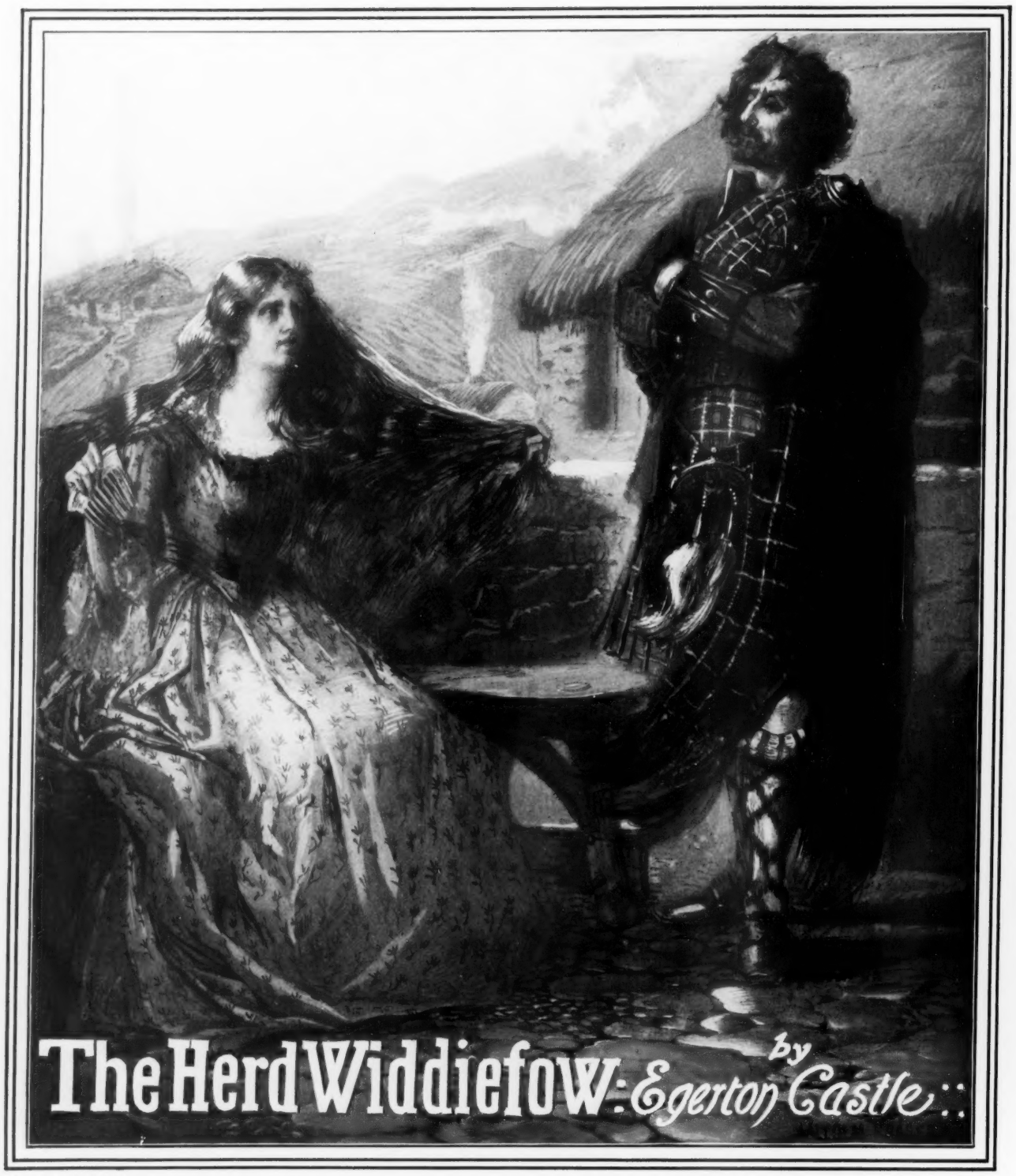

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER

"NOW, HINNY," SAID HE, "IF YE WANT TO SEE ME HANGIT YE HAVE GOT BUT TO SAY THE WORD!"

THIS IS MY great-grandmother's story as she told it to my grandmother, and as my mother heard it from my grandmother's lips.

It is still a favorite story for a winter's evening by the hearth when the lassies sit to their spinning; and I have known not a few to sigh in secret for the old evil days when a woman's heart was ever ready to spring to her mouth at a footstep outside, and when none knew if the cow were safe in the byre, or the bonny lass in her chamber, for fear of the reiving, thieving Highlandman—the Herd-Widdiefow, as such a fellow was known in his own uncouth tongue! But I for one have never ceased to regret that my great-grandmother should have sat brooding by the fire, that September night a hundred and fifty years ago, instead of drawing bolts and bars and fastening up the house; for by that lazy fit of hers did our good Lowland farm come into the hands of the Highland race, and our good Lowland name become exchanged for an ill-sounding, heathen one, and the fine breed of Haseltine suffer the intermixture of the ill, wildcat, mountain blood. Whereby a family that had been noted for straight limbs, sleek skins and canny heads have brought forth ever since little else but swarthy, hairy, squat-figured loons, and thriftless black-eyed lasses; settle-to-naught and ne'er-do-weels.

Now my great-grandmother was an only child and a great match the whole country-side over. She was a comely dame, I have heard my mother say, even as she had known her in her old age; and when she was young, so the legend goes, her hair was the color of the inner husk of the chestnut, and the skin of her face was as pink and white as the wild roses in the hedgerows. Her name was Margaret. And being, as I say, his only child, born to him after long years of barren wedlock when he himself was an old man, 'twas but natural that her father should yearn to see her wed before he died.

Her heart inclined to a cousin of her own, John Haseltine by name; a true chip of the old block, with the bluest eyes between Tyne and Clyde. And her father approved of her choice. John Haseltine the younger had been seven years at Hazelburn, working under his uncle. He was a douce lad, so tall that my great-grandmother, who was a tall woman, had to look up to him and to stand on tiptoe if she wanted to kiss him. He had a slow way with him and a slow speech, but he never did nor said anything that was not to his advantage; and my great-grandmother thought that they would be very happy and that he would take good care of the farm and of herself.

On the night I am telling you about, a September night, with an angry wind and a storm brewing behind the hills, the master of the farm and all the men, who had worked from dawn at bringing in the harvest before the rain should come, were dog-tired; so tired that old John had snored over his supper and young John had fallen asleep even as he sat, according to his wont, alone with his betrothed after the rest had retired. He looked a very fine figure of a man, my great-grandmother thought, as he lay back beside her with his legs outstretched and his curly head propped against the angle of the oak settle. The sun had burned his face deep red, but where the shirt lay open at the neck his skin was as white as her own.

But, all at once, as she sat gazing at him, her heart grew hot and angry against him, she could not have said why; and she flounced away from him and knocked over the creepy stool. John Haseltine sat up with a start.

"Faith, Meg," said he, and smacked a kiss upon her cheek, and yawned, "I believe I have been nodding."

Whereupon he rose and staggered, sleep-drunken, from the room, and she heard his heavy stumbles on the wooden stairs as he mounted to his bed in the loft.

Thus was my great-grandmother left alone in the kitchen, all the household a-bed but she. She drew the creepy stool to the hearth and sat looking into the embers. What had come upon her she never knew to her dying day, whether it was the scent of the hay that had gone to her head or the gathering storm that had turned her sour like the milk; but there was nothing but black bitterness within her breast against all the world, above all against her good John.

The thunder began to rumble overhead and the hail hissed down the chimney, and she was glad, because it just suited her mood. The windows rattled and the doors shook as the blast raged round the house; and glancing over her shoulder, she saw that John had forgotten to draw the bars and bolts as was his nightly duty.

"Plague take the sleepy loon," said she. "I trow I have a pretty life before me!"

She rocked herself backward and forward, staring at the turf that was crumbling away into white ash, and rubbing her cheek with her hand where it had been kissed by him.

"Upon my word," said she, "I might as well have been Aunt Deb, for all the warmth in his lips!"

The thunder crackled, down came the rain as if all heaven's sluices were opened. The lightning flashed this side and that. Uneasily the cattle began to low without; it seemed as if between the noise of the thunder and rain and the wind she could hear the patter of their feet drawing close to the house for shelter. Suddenly the yard dog raised a fierce clamor, and as suddenly fell silent. And then the thunder roared again and swallowed all.

"The dumb beasts know there is danger," thought she, and her lip curled, "but overhead they lie like logs, and the place might be burned about our ears before they would think of turning on their pillows."

Now, even as she thought this to herself, there came the most terrible thunderclap there had been yet, so that it was as if the whole sky had turned into metal and was breaking itself upon the world; and the lightning hissed across the sleeting rain. She sprang to her feet, clasping her hands and gazing around in terror.

Then, even in the shimmering of the lightning, she saw a face looking in upon her through the window—a man's face, strong and wild, with teeth and eyes gleaming white. The next instant it was gone with the flash.

She stood terrified, straining her ear; the storm still growled and grumbled, but it was wearing away. The rain came lighter and steadier and the blast was dying off, but there were strange rumors without; the patter of feet and hoofs on the soft ground, whispers of muffled voices, and the cattle were lowing with angry plaintive note. Yet the yard dog was silent.

"Things are not canny the night," said my great-grandmother. Then she tried to laugh at herself.

"I am going daft!" said she, and poked the dying embers into flame. After which, emboldened by the cheerful light and the familiar objects around her and the relief of the returning serenity outside, she walked across the floor to draw the bolts of the great door. She was raising the main bar (and though she was a strong lass it was a hard job for her) when there rang a crash of broken glass upon the bricks under the kitchen window, and, before she had even time to call out, something leaped upon her with the spring of a mountain cat. A hand was clapped over her mouth, she felt herself seized and held. She fought hard, all her sturdy womanhood at bay, but the grip that held her was as strong as steel. There was a chuckle in her ear as if of triumph.

The next moment a heavy plaid, reeking of peat smoke, was flung over her head, stifling her cries. This was so wound and knotted about her that her arms were pinned by her side; and in a trice she had become as helpless as an infant in its swaddling clothes. Then she was whipped from her feet and borne away at a quick, steady trot, and she felt the fresh outer wind flutter her petticoats and blow against her feet, which were all she had free.

"He will be a strong man," she thought, however, "who can carry the finest wench in the land many yards at such a rate." And she struggled on with might and main. Little it helped her. In another minute she was flung across the saddle-bow of a horse with no more ado than if she had been a bag of meal, and with legs hanging, dangling one side and head the other, she was borne through the night at a cruel pace.

All was now a blank and hideous medley to her till the time (she knew not whether it came after minutes or hours) when she found herself delivered from her bonds and placed erect before her captor with the free air upon her burning face. Afar away they must have ridden, for by the dim light, the waste where they now halted looked all strange to her. And yet, by the stars, the night was not yet on the wane.

She shifted herself in the saddle and turned to look upon the rider behind her. The same wild face that she had seen in the lightning flash looked back, so close to hers in the eerie glimmer that she started as if she would have dashed herself from the nag.

"Whither do you bring me?" cried my great-grandmother, "and what do you want with me? If it be money, take me back to my father or set me down that I may make my way home on foot, and I promise you that whatever ransom you ask, so it be within our means, it shall be honorably paid and no vengeance attempted for this night's work."

By which you will see that my great-grandmother was a canny lass and kept her wits about her.

But the fierce face, out of the dark masses of tangled hair, that seemed as strange and fearful to her as might some wild beast of the woods to a tender farm lamb, only flashed mocking white teeth upon her and the sinewy arms but held her closer. And the rider urged his steed, which seemed as unkempt, as sturdy, as squat as himself, once again into a trot which shook the breath out of her body. Then a fury rose and broke within her like a storm. She fell upon him first with stinging words, then with buffets and hair-wrenchings, with pinchings and scratchings. He bore it all as if he had been insensible alike to insult or injury. But after a while, as her passion gave way to weariness and shame, he suddenly reined in, and disengaging one hand carelessly wiped the blood from his face.

"Now hark ye, lassie," said he, and he spoke English to her fluently enough, though with some care, as if it did not come ready to his tongue, "rave and scrawb as much as ye like, 'twon't avail ye much, and 'twon't hurt me much. But it is as well ye suld ken what is in my mind about ye. When we came to the farm, the lads and I, the bit kine was all we wanted—and ye maun say that it is but fair we should have our turn with a fat heifer now and again, for a Highland man must live as well as his Lowland neighbor. But even as the puir beasties were being driven off as doucely (they were skeered by the storm, puir things!) as if they were going to pasture, the deil took me to look in at the window. Then I saw ye sitting, with the fire playing on your bonny hair and on the bend of your waist. And I thought within myself—'twas as if the lightning had set fire to a dry rick—'That is the wife for Donald MacBane!' And so, my bonny dou, I am not for taking ye back to your father or setting ye on your legs to rin hame to him. But 'tis the kind gudeman I'll make ye," said he, "and once we are wed, nane will do us harm. And if ye have the maist siller, 'tis I have the maist luve, and siller never hurt naught."

Whereupon my great-grandmother said she gave the most terrible skreek ever was heard. So shrill it rang that it frightened even herself, and the little horse stopped as if it had been shot, and the birds in the low whin bushes all about rose complaining from their sleep and flapped circling round their heads.

And then on they trotted again, and she remembered no more, till they halted in a waste, yet wilder than the first. The dawn was breaking white and dreary upon a lowering sky.

"Now," said Donald MacBane, "we will have a spell of sleep, for 'tis full weary I am, and a man maun sleep, be he in luve, in war, or in business."

He jumped from the pony as he spoke, and lifted her down. The grasp of his lean hands was as terrible, my great-grandmother thought, and as strong as ever. And as he lifted her, she, being stiff and trembling, fell into his arms, for she could not hold herself; and he kissed her as he caught her. She had just the power left to clout him for it, whereat he laughed till the whole moor rang. Then twisting the nag's rein round his right arm, he spread half the plaid and flung himself upon it.

"And the other half is for ye," he said, smiling with all his wicked face.

"Oh!" cried my great-grandmother, and would have struck him again had she had the energy to lift her arm.

"Have it as ye wull," says he. "Ye maun gang your ain gait a wheen bit longer, and then it's my douce little wife ye'll be. Rin awa if ye like," says he, "for ye are bound to win back to me. Ye do not ken the moor, so ye will just go in a circle as round as a wedding-ring. Maybe 'twill amuse ye!"

And so saying he rolled over in the plaid, and in another minute he was snoring. And the pony began cropping at the poor grass, and my great-grandmother felt abandoned by God and man.

At first she thought to make off on the pony, but it was as cunning as its master, and let out with its heels at her if she so much as came within a yard of it. And then she tried, though in truth her limbs could scarce bear her, to start away alone by herself over the desolate moor, but sure enough, when she had gone but a little way she found herself (and she never could explain why) rounding back again to where the Highlandman slept beside the cropping pony. And so, in despair, she flung herself upon the turf, and before she knew it she too was asleep.

In her sleep she dreamed a wild and fretted dream—and presently, out of the turmoil of it, she thought that she was by the ingle-nook and John Haseltine beside her, and that John kissed her; but not as he had kissed her that night (and even in her dream she remembered this in grudge against him), with a cool, brotherly touch. These were kisses of love; passionate, masterful, fiery. And as he kissed her he crooned to her: "My bonny, bonny bride!" And to the fire of love in the words and in the kisses her heart leaped.

Now as her heart leaped she woke up, and there was the blank morning sky above her and the wide, wide moor around her, and beside her sat the squatting Highlandman. He was gazing upon her with a flame in his eyes.

"My bonny bride!" said he; and thus she knew whose were the kisses that yet lay so hot upon her lips.

I have made it clear, I think, that my great-grandmother was a quick-tempered lass; but never, so she told my grandmother, had she known such a frenzy of anger in her life before or since as that which now took her. She sprang to her feet and scrubbed her mouth as if she would have laid her lips raw.

"Your bride!" said she, and had to laugh, or she would have screamed. "Not so long as there is a knife in the whole of Scotland." And indeed, if she had had a knife to her hand, she felt it in her then to have driven it to his heart.

"Canny!" said he, smiling at her. "Never boast, hinny! No ain of us can tell in the morn what the day may bring forth. See yon sun?" said he, stretching out his haggard arm and pointing to the horizon where the sun still hung low, but very beautiful and dazzling, with rays all round it piercing the clouds, as you may see it pictured in the old Bible. "Who knows," said he, "but what before yon sun has travelled half its course to-day it may shine upon us, man and wife!"

He grinned in her face as he spoke; his teeth were very white and strong, as she had noticed before. She set her lips and turned her head away. She felt she hated him the more for the savage beauty of his countenance, and beautiful it was, though marred by her nails that night. So she let him lead her once more to the pony and set her on it, after the fashion she had by this time grown wofully accustomed to, and she never so much as asked him whither he was taking her, for indeed she was almost too weary to think at all. This much she knew, that she could not escape upon the moor; and one faint hope she had of obtaining help if they should but win to some spot where she could appeal to a fellow-human.

Thus they set forth once more to the jogging trot to which her every bone answered with sore greeting, and in a very little while her heart was cheered by the sight of a cultivated patch of field, the white gleam of the highroad, the shelter of trees, and blue smoke rising against the threatening yellow sky. Yet 'twas but a wretched hamlet, and though the shanty at which they halted was of a slightly better quality than the four or five others clustering round it, that was very little to say, for it was a miserably poor place with volumes of turf smoke rushing out through a hole in the thatched roof and through the glassless window. There was a great dung heap before the door, about which a little herd of ragged children were playing, more dirty, she thought, than it was conceivable for any creature to become, and shrieking to each other in Gaelic. A dry bush hung above the half-open door, that was itself falling from its hinges, and by this she knew it was an ina.

Upon the arrival of the newcomers the wild urchins ran squealing like a disturbed litter of piglets into the dark reeking of the hovel. At the same moment Donald MacBane dismounted and called. Out came a stunted, weather-beaten woman with black elf-locks hanging about her face, who flung up her hands as she caught sight of them, and poured forth a torrent of words in a tongue as uncouth, to great-grandmother's ears, and as intelligible to her as if it had been the language of beasts.

She sat still mute, therefore, clinging to the pony's rough mane, and indeed the dumb nag and the wild moor now seemed to her preferable to the unknown horror of that Highland cottage. In the track of the inn-woman presently followed a squat man, and after him an old hag, and then a slatternly girl of some sixteen years, and a couple of slouching black a'vised lads. Indeed, my great-grandmother said, they seemed to come pouring out upon her till it was a marvel to her how the little hut could contain so many. And they all shouted in the Gaelic at Donald MacBane, and he shouted back at them till the poor young woman felt her brain reel. And some faces expressed fear and some admiration, some a sort of envy, yet all a great surprise. All looked upon her as curiously as if she were a being from another world.

At length Donald MacBane came up to her, lifted her down and handed her over to the first woman, saying:

"Gae with her, hinny, she is a gude creature and she will give you water to lave your face, and a drink of milk to refresh ye, before we start again upon our journey. And as for me," he said, "I maun hae a drop of the usquebaugh, for the very soul of me is dry."

My great-grandmother turned to look at the woman and seemed truly to read a kind of womanly pity in that wild face. The thought of the clean water and the milk was pleasant to her, so she suffered the ragged wife to take her into the hovel, through the dim room, where the peat smoke scalded her eyes and caught at her throat, and on to a sort of back room or shed, open to the winds of heaven.

Here she fell upon a bench, and the woman brought her milk, hot from the cow, in a broken yellow cup. The milk was laced with spirits, and as she drank it ran warm through her trembling body, and braced her sinking courage. And then, by signs, she got her hostess to fetch her water in a pail, and she washed and washed till some of the horror of the night seemed to be washed from her.

Next she plucked out her high comb and shook down her chestnut hair. The Highland woman threw up her hands and cried aloud in admiration!

But even as my great-grandmother shook it out and drove the comb through it as well as she could, she saw through the ruddy veil how the woman's face changed suddenly to a dirty gray, how she bent her ear to listen and how her smiling lips became convulsed as if in terror.

"What is it?" cried my great-grandmother, forgetting that the poor creature could not understand a word. But the woman lifted up her hand as one who bids her be silent and listen, and then was heard a regular tramping and a jingle, jingle, jingle, as of mounted soldiers without. There came a sharp word of command that rang upon the air like a pistol-shot, and then the tramping ceased and there was no sound but the snort of a horse and the ring of a bit or the stamp of an impatient hoof. Upon this there rose a storm of Gaelic within the shanty which was as suddenly hushed, and all at once my great-grandmother found Donald MacBane standing at her elbow.

His breath came a little short, and his cheek too was curiously faded beneath its deep tan; but his eyes looked at her as a hawk's upon its prey.

"Now, hinny," said he, "if ye want to see me hangit ye have got but to say the word! The soldiers are without," said he, "seeking you and me."

"God be praised!" cried my great-grandmother, flinging back her hair and clasping her hands in joy. And then, "God forbid," she said, "I don't want you to hang."

He had made a gesture to simulate the twisting of a rope round his neck, and flung his head on one side with his tongue out and a horrible suggestion of a drawn neck. She lifted her hands to shut out the horrid sight.

Just then, from the other room, there broke forth afresh a screech of Gaelic like a whole poudful of geese and fowl disturbed, and above all the ring of the clean English voice. She pointed to the wide moor beyond the yard.

"Away with you!" said she, in a breathless whisper. He smiled back at her and pointed too; she saw the bayonet of a dragoon rise above the little hedge even as she looked, and another a few feet beyond; and she knew the place was ringed.

DRAWN BY E. HERING

BOERS UNDER GENERAL JAN KOCK RESISTING THE CHARGE OF THE BRITISH INFANTRY, CONSISTING OF THE DEVONSHIRE AND MANCHESTER REGIMENTS AND THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS, AT ELANDSLAAGTE, OCTOBER 21

FIGHTING IN NATAL

(SEE PAGE 8)

MANCHESTER REGIMENTS AND THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS, AT ELANDSLAAGTE

FIGHTING IN NATAL

(SEE PAGE 8)

DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER

BRITISH LANCERS AND DRAGOONS HARASSING AND CUTTING OFF THE RETREAT OF THE BOERS AFTER THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE, OCTOBER 21

"Nay," said he, "I maun hang. Ye shall see me hang, lassie."

Now my great-grandmother always said that if he had shown the smallest cowardice, she thinks she would have indeed found it in her heart to let him go to his death. But though he stood so close to her that his shoulder touched her, there was not a quiver in his frame, not a flicker in the lid of the eye that fixed her with its keen, far-away, indomitable look. And yet she knew he did not want to die because his cheek had become so bloodless that the scratches she had given him now stood out in fiery lines.

"Whatever happens," thought she to herself, "that is a man." And then she made up her mind. "I will not have you hang," she said.

He flushed suddenly.

"Say as I bid ye," he said, "and ye can save me yet."

"And if I do," says she, hanging back as he would have led her forward into the outer room, in which the noise was rising and sinking like the wind in a night of storm, "if I do, will ye set me free?"

"I give ye my aith," said he, "that, an' ye will not wed me of ye ain will, I will bring ye back to your father!"

"Do you swear?" said she.

He did so. It was an oath so fearful that it made her blood run cold. Then he snapped the shawl from the woman's shoulders and flung it over my great-grandmother's head; and drew the brass wedding-ring from her hand and slipped it on my great-grandmother's finger.

"Now follow me," said he, and marched into the guest-room with as bold a step as if he were lord of the land. Peeping through the shawl, my great-grandmother followed him and saw how the dark hovel was full of heavy-booted dragoons, and how the chief of them, an officer with a keen English face and fine powdered hair, sat at a table, with the wild Highlanders drawn up before him, penned round by soldiers, as if they had been so many wild beasts.

The dragoon captain wheeled round upon his stool and looked at the newcomers with eager blue eyes.

"Ha!" said he, "whom have we here?"

MacBane advanced, saluted; and, in his glib yet studied English, explained at some length that he was a Highland drover returning from the fair at Kinross with his new Lowland bride.

"Ha!" said the captain again, "come forward, young woman. Take off that shawl."

Margaret Haseltine obeyed. There was a murmur among the men at sight of that golden head in so dark and evil a place.

The sergeant and the captain whispered together.

"It is damnably like the description," said the captain. "Hark, you rascal," said he to the pretended drover, "your story is plausible enough, but that countenance of yours bears vastly different evidence. I verily believe," said the captain, "that you are none other than the scoundrel I am in search of, and that there stands Miss Haseltine, the young woman for whom we have ridden since dawn."

Upon this the sergeant clapped Donald MacBane upon the shoulder, and there was a sinister clink of handcuffs.

"Do not be afraid, miss," said the captain gently to my great-grandmother, "you are quite safe, and none can do you harm." And then he added, laughing: "And you have marked that gentleman's face in a way that is like to carry him to the gallows."

"Bide a wee, bide a wee," said Donald, as cool as a cucumber. "Let my gude wife speak for herself. Do not be in too great a hurry, captain. Mak sure ye've got the right bird before you clap the cage door. Hinny," said he, turning to Margaret, "tell these gentlemen that I have spoken the truth and that you are my wife."

Now my great-grandmother found herself answering before she knew what she was doing; and what she said was this:

"I am."

"What?" cried the captain, in great surprise, "is this man your husband, mistress?"

My great-grandmother looked round upon them all, and then at Donald MacBane; and upon his unflinching eyes (yellow they were with black pupils that expanded and contracted as they watched her) her wondering eyes rested.

Then she said as one may speak in sleep:

"He is my husband."

"And she is my wife," said Donald MacBane, promptly, and took up her hand to show the wedding-ring. "And as for the scratches," said he, smiling slyly, "well, your honor is not a married man, or he'd not make so muckle account of them."

The soldiers tittered and nudged each other, but the captain looked stern. Donald MacBane thereupon made his bow, and my great-grandmother thought it was strange to see the ease and grace of him, cateran though he was; then he took her by the arm and drew her back with him to the shed and no one sought to stay them.

But ere she turned Margaret Haseltine saw the captain's blue eyes shoot clear contempt upon her, and her pride smarted her sorely that even for an hour she should pass for the bride of the Herd-Widdiefow.

She could not have said what sharp conflict was in her heart when she heard, by the running of the soldiers at their captain's order and the trampling of the horses once again, by the musical jingle of spur and bit, and the clank of a flying scabbard, that the little troop were riding away across the moor.

She flung the dirty screen from her head, twisted her hair into a decent knot, and called fiercely upon the reiver, who from the open shed was watching the last bobbing, vanishing red coat.

"Now," said she, "I've kept my word, see that you keep yours."

He wheeled about and gave her a long look.

Just then from the inner room there burst a sound of shouting and hand-clapping and a shrill crow of woman's laughter. It was like the freeing of mighty waters.

"Take me out of this!" said my great-grandmother, and stamped her foot.

Donald MacBane answered by no word, but took her hand and led her forth once more. Under his glance the clamorous crew fell quiet, and drew back and whispered together, eying her more curiously than before.

She handed the hostess back her wedding-ring, sore vexed that she had naught to give her for her civility but a word of thanks in a strange tongue. As the poor creature took the trinket, if ever woman (so my great-grandmother thought), from her own sore knowledge of life, took pity upon a sister, that woman took pity upon her; so much so that at sight of her face a cold sweat started upon her own brow.

A ragged urchin was holding a fresh pony in readiness for them and the plaid that had acted so important a part in the night's work was now neatly folded across its withers, forming a not too uncomfortable pillion. The Highlander mounted and she was hauled up into her place.

That he should let her ride as a lady, behind, instead of as a prisoner, before him, seemed in itself an earnest of his good intentions. And yet, as they left the wretched hamlet behind them, and as the shouts and the laughter that had broken out in valedictory greeting died away in the brisk heather-scented air, she hung her head and wondered what dull oppression lay upon her spirits.

They ambled for a while in silence down the road which inclined between two stretches of moorland toward a distant and apparently cultivated valley. The sky had brightened into clear blue, and the autumn tints upon whinbush and bracken and heather were glorious to see.

"How soon shall we be home?" said my great-grandmother.

"Hame, is it?" said Donald MacBane. "May be a twa, three hours."

He turned the pony from the highroad as he spoke, and took a sort of sheep track that seemed to lead indefinitely across the moor.

"Is this a short cut?" said she.

"Aye," Donald MacBane replied.

On they went again, when the silence and the stillness and the strangeness began to revive her apprehensions; she looked about her in the hope of descrying a familiar landmark. But 'twas the most desolate, God-forsaken waste one could imagine.

"I do not recognize this place," she exclaimed suddenly.

Donald MacBane made no reply. Struck to the heart, all at once, she gave a great cry:

"Fool, fool that I was to put trust in the faith of a Highlandman!"

He drew rein and turned to look at her over his shoulder, for the first time since they had started.

"And what did I promise ye, hinny?" said he.

"To bring me home to my father, if I saved your neck, you false loon!" she cried, and made as bold a front as she could with so fearful and throbbing a heart.

"Whisht, whisht," said he, "I made nae sic promise. I promised to bring ye to your father an ye would not wed me of your ain free will."

"Where are you taking me to, in the name of God?" she cried wildly.

He looked back at her over his shoulder again, and the pony stood still and took to cropping the turf under his loose hand.

"I am taking ye hame," said he, with a dreadful smile of triumph. "Where else maun a man take his bride upon his wedding day? Hame, hinny, hame to your gudeman's house!"

She flung herself off the pony as if she had been sitting behind the devil; yet so possessed by terror was she that then she stood still staring at him, and could not find breath to ask the meaning of his words.

Donald MacBane leisurely twisted round in the saddle and brought one lean bare leg to join its fellow. He sat sidewise on the pony, and looked at her as if amused, yet with that singular steadiness of eye which had already reminded her of a striking hawk's.

"Have ye not claimed me as ye husband before witnesses?" said he, "before as gude witnesses as ever man or maid could wish? And have I not claimed ye? Does that not bind us as fast as kirk or book? Do ye not ken the law of Scotland?"

Then the whole truth flashed upon my unfortunate great-grandmother's mind. She saw how, out of his very death peril, the wild Highland thief had laid a trap for her, and how in her womanly pity she had fallen into it.

She felt her heart stop and then bound as if it would break. And the worst of all the agony within her was a kind of dreadful joy she felt within herself, to kill which she could have killed herself. And, being but a poor young lassie, when all was said and done, her courage suddenly failed her; she cast herself down on the turf, and for the first time in all this dreadful night and day, burst into a passion of tears.

Through her sobs and long-drawn breaths and over the hammering of her pulses she could hear the crisp sound of the pony's cropping teeth and his snorting breath as he nipped the grass in a circle about her. When she looked up at last it was to find Donald MacBane squatting on the turf beside her, watching her as he had watched her sleep that morning.

"Wha kens but that, if you will," said he, as their eyes met, "ye may hae the chance of seeing me hangit yet! So dinna greet so sair. There's naught so bad as can't be mended." Then he edged a little closer to her and stretched out that strong arm the grasp of which she knew so well.

"Natheless, being wed," said he, "ye canna rid yourself of my being, woman, unless by death. Sic is the law, and the law's a terrible thing!" He pressed her waist as he spoke. "*What's your name, my bonny wife?*"

"Margaret," she sobbed.

"Buss me, Margaret!" said he. He drew her head to his shoulder gently and kissed her.

"Now," said he, "we are man and wife, and ye maun to my hame before I go to yours."

. . . . . .

When my great-grandmother returned from the mountain fastness to her old home, there was at first great rejoicing because she had been mourned as dead; and then the great dole because of the savage mate she had brought with her; and old Haseltine was all for having him given up to justice for his crime; and young Haseltine swore he would stand beneath the gallows and see him safe hanged before wedding the widow. But Margaret would have none of this. He was her husband, she told them briefly, and as such she must put up with him. Whereupon her father took to his bed, and young Haseltine left the farm in dire enmity with his fair cousin. But indeed, as my grandmother told me, although her mother had returned in evil plight enough and bore upon her face the stamp of much suffering, never was she heard to regret her first lover or to bewail her present master.

Yet my great-grandfather, Donald MacBane that is, made but an ill ruler of the farm, and was always skirmishing off to his wild companions or engaged upon some mad plot or expedition. In spite of these restless ways, 'twas said that he loved my great-grandmother fiercely to the end of his life. She bore him a whole houseful of swarthy, gipsy-looking lads and lassies; and when he died—and such as he do not die in their beds—she wore black for him till her time came to lie beside him once again.

And thus it comes that I who speak to you have a pair of eyes like a hawk's under my great-grandmother's chestnut curls; and that, though (left heiress to the farm, even as she was before me) I wedded back into the old stock, the babe that lies in yonder cradle has a black skin and a frowning brow, and I know that the blood of the Herd-Widdiefow will run strong in our veins so long as Haseltine reigns at Hazelburn.

THE END

AFRICA AD EUROPAM

ERE FOR milleniads my immensity
Hath cloven the waters of the world and stretched
South from that sea of story and song to where
Welter, like thresholds of the infinite,
Surges that break upon the Antarctic Pole.
Ere through the granite of my loins had thronged
Sphinxes and obelisks that once were Thebes
Were Karnak. I was old in memories.
The Pyramids are but my yesterdays;
The Ptolemies that many an age have lain
Shrivelling among their spice and linens, count
Only as upstarts from the soil I clasp.
And yet thou, Europe, wouldst invade me thus,
Thou that from Norway sheer to Greece my realm
Could compass, while it spared for surplusage
A continent Australia ill might match!
Why hast thou left me not, O Malcontent,
Sovereign of this my heritage from time?
Barbarian though I be, barbarianism
Is part and parcel of me, my nature's growth,
Heightening toward phases that the future stores
In mystery. Not by hest and hurry of thine
Should bud to flower be forced, or flower to fruit.
Nay, long I have watched thee from afar, with stare
Of wonderment, thou Europe, whose past swarms
One rhythm of vermin! Thou, whose tyranny
Of avarice, pride, voluptuousness, deceit
I have gazed on with abhorrence, thou to uplift
My savages, who hast thyself scarce found
Humanitarianism's mere fundaments!
Look to thine England, soaked in pauperdom;
Look to thy France, democracy's burlesque;
Look to thy Germany, a swagger of swords;
Look to thine Austria, torn with feuds and spites;
Thine Italy, a braggadocio armed;
Thy Spain, a corpse on horseback, like her Cid!
Thou thus to have lessoned me, thou riot of spleens
Wrangling since Attila! Why hast thou dared
Pour this the mockery of thy tutelage
Among my lions and serpents and gazelles,
My deserts where thy London were a speck,
My forests that in gloom could sepulchre
Scores of thy Parises, my leagues of lakes,
My majesties of mountains, my repose
Of pampa or swamp, whose flat rims cleave the flames
Dawn lights or sunset lulls, my glory and grace
Of rivers, and my cataracts—altars raised
Heavenward in scintillance, with haze of pearl
For incense? Fain my Genius would attend
Undesecrate the centuries' doles of doom,
Here girt with swarthy myriads, men like thine.
Fain unmolestedly would I live out
The individuality of my lot.
Thou hast achieved thy destiny. For me
It flares all folly and failure. I mine own
Would solve unmarred. Back, tamperer, to thy brawls!

LONDON, ENGLAND. EDGAR FAWCETT.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND THE MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS

(SEE PAGE 22)

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S visit to Minneapolis in the course of his recent journey into the West was made memorable by his review of the Minnesota Volunteers, just returned from Manila, and by a notable declaration concerning the Philippines which the presence of these veterans provoked from his lips.

The Presidential party reached Minneapolis on the morning of Thursday, October 12. From the moment Mr. McKinley departed from the train until he left for St. Paul by trolley at six o'clock his progress was marked by fervid demonstrations of enthusiasm from the multitudes gathered from far and near that thronged the streets. His first move was to the residence of Thomas Lowry, a personal friend, where luncheon was partaken of. While the President was enjoying this meal roars of applause from the streets heralded the arrival of the special train bringing home from the Philippines the Thirteenth Regiment of Minnesota Volunteers. The regiment marched between lines of madly cheering people to the head of Nicollet Avenue, where shortly afterward the President and his Cabinet arrived in carriages and took position at the head of the line.

Moving at one o'clock, the column passed down Nicollet Avenue toward the centre of the city. The presence of the President would of itself have awakened tumultuous enthusiasm among the people, but when the war-worn soldiers from Luzon, with their khaki uniforms soiled and shabby from hard service in the field and their battleflag pierced by Filipino bullets, appeared, the demonstration became unbounded. At the head of the regiment rode Colonel, now General, Summers, whose gallantry in the Orient recently won him promotion, and who received a very notable ovation on his own account.

The President left the reviewing stage as the rear-guard of the parade passed and, entering his carriage, was driven to the Exposition Building where the day's programme was completed. It was with a sensation of returning to a familiar spot that Mr. McKinley entered this building; for it was there that, in 1892, he presided over the Republican National Convention which nominated Benjamin Harrison for President. Under its ample roof there had been spread a bounteous feast for the home-come soldiers, who attacked it with a relish that indicated no diminution of appetite as a result of their campaigning in Luzon. After the banquet, President McKinley welcomed the soldiers home, being introduced by President Cyrus Northup of the University of Minnesota.

"I have come from the capital of the Nation," said the President, as the thunder of applause that greeted him died away, "that I might give the Nation's welcome to a regiment of the Nation's defenders. I have come to speak the voice of love and gratitude which comes from every American heart to-day that loves the flag. I have come to bid you welcome because you did your duty."

The President defended the purchase of the Philippines, which he compared to the acquisition of the Louisiana territory and of Alaska, both of which at first met with bitter opposition. Speaking of the future of our new island possessions he made this notable utterance:

"That they will be retained under the benign sovereignty of the United States, I do not permit myself to doubt. That they will prove a rich and invaluable heritage, I feel assured. That Congress will provide for them a government which will bring them blessings, which will promote their material interests, as well as advance their people in the path of civilization and intelligence, I confidently believe. They will not be governed either as serfs or vassals or slaves. They will have a government of liberty regulated by law. They will have honesty of administration without oppression, taxation without tyranny, justice without bribe, education without distinction of social condition, freedom of religious worship and protection for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

With a welcoming address by Governor Lind and speeches by Attorney-General Griggs and Secretary Long, the exercises were concluded. As the Presidential party rose to leave, the men of the regiment called for their commander, General Summers, who made this concise speech: "We left Old Glory floating in Luzon, and, if necessary, we'll go back there to defend it." And in the applause that greeted that sentiment Mr. McKinley joined.

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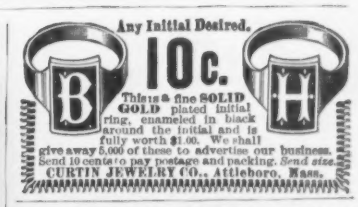

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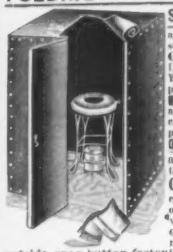

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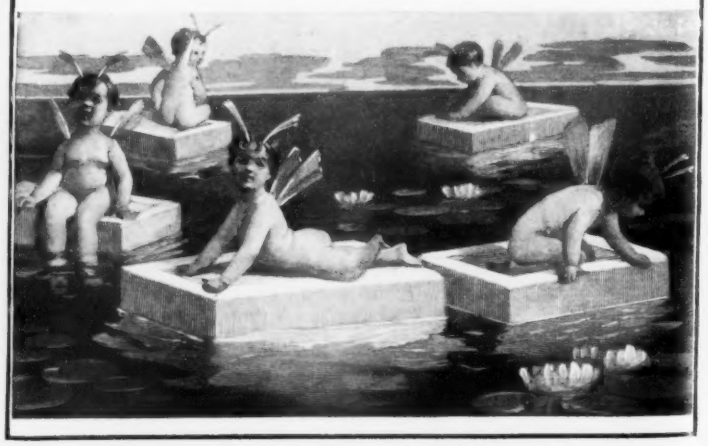

PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK

JULIA MARLOWE, IN "BARBARA FRIETCHIE," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE—"YOU PRAY, I'M GOING TO SHOOT!"

THE DRAMA

LIKE MANY another modern drama, "Barbara Frietchie" was written to order, to fit the personality and the talents of a successful player. This, of course, can hardly be regarded as an ideal way of creating a work of art; it at once restricts the conditions, ties the hands of the dramatist, makes the play the servant of the players. And of all creative artists, the dramatist in this country is already the most limited. So it is not surprising that our stage should be so barren of genuinely good American dramas. Under the circumstances, perhaps, Mr. Clyde Fitch should be commended for achieving in "Barbara Frietchie" an excellent piece of dramatic tailoring. He has given Miss Julia Marlowe a part which she interprets with a sureness, an authority and an effectiveness never before attained in her ten years of public work. Incidentally, however, he has written an inartistic and a melodramatic play.

And yet there is some very fine work in "Barbara Frietchie." The first act is wholly fine. It opens in a curious, amusing and original way. The curtain rises on a street in Frederick, Md., disclosing the home of Barbara and of one of her neighbors. On the front steps sit groups of girls and young men, innocently flirting, after the good old Southern fashion. Through the open windows floats the voice of Barbara, singing to her own accompaniment at the piano. When she appears, she is discovered to be a radiant young creature most becomingly attired in the prettiest blue frock imaginable—the nice flowing skirts, you know, of the war-period. Of course, we are all aware that Whittier's Barbara was an old woman. But what of that? She is altogether too unimportant and too uncertain a historical figure to be allowed to interfere with the imagination of an ingenious dramatist. Besides, to be perfectly honest, there is nothing remarkable about the poem to entitle it to reverence. Early in the act, the dramatist styly intimates that his Barbara is a bit of a flirt; but when a handsome young officer, Captain Trumbull by name, comes to call and, in spite of being flouted as a Union man, asks the girl to marry him, she yields frankly and gracefully. Mr. Fitch has never done a better love-scene than that. With the simplest means he actually succeeds in achieving a certain poetic quality. By his work in this act he sets himself a very difficult standard, and keys the spectator to a high pitch of expectancy.

The first half of the act that follows, in the house of the clergyman, where the eloping lovers have resorted, sustains the interest and provides some of Mr. Fitch's characteristically feminine and amusing comedy. Before the ceremony can be performed Trumbull is obliged to join his company, as fighting is to begin at once. Mr. Fitch manages the parting with extreme cleverness, making it tender and pathetic without letting it fall into artificiality or mawkishness. Two rebel sharpshooters barricade the room, and from their conversation Barbara learns that they are deserters from her lover's regiment and that one of them is determined to shoot Trumbull as he marches past the house. She appeals to him for mercy; she tries to drug him with drink. Suddenly she hears the sound of the approaching troops, and, snatching up a gun, she aims it at the soldier's heart. During the earlier performances of the piece in Philadelphia, the spectators waited in suspense to see what would happen; but they saw nothing, for the next moment the curtain dropped. By this climax Mr. Fitch left them, as it were, suspended in midair. The effect was bewildering. Had Barbara shot the soldier or hadn't she? And what did it all mean, any way? They received no explanation till the third act had proceeded for several minutes. Then they found Barbara at home and they encountered, too, the sharpshooter with his arm in a sling. Barbara, it appeared, had merely "winged" him. But, as a shrewd critic once remarked, plays are not written but re-written. So now Mr. Fitch continues the action till the troops march gayly past to the sound of fife and drum and Barbara's shot is fired.

BARBARA
(JULIA MARLOWE)

In the third act the melodrama develops with a vengeance, as if trying to undo the impression of good art created by the earlier scenes. Trumbull, severely wounded in an engagement, is brought on and has an attack of wholly gratuitous and theatrical delirium. They carry him to bed, and we learn from the familiar doctor of the stage that he has "one chance in a thousand." At this moment is introduced the feature that simply destroys Mr. Fitch's play. A mere lad, infatuated with Barbara, whom we saw in the first act, and now have almost completely forgotten, bursts into the room and confronts the girl. At first, his behavior is incomprehensible. Then it becomes apparent that he has gone mad for love, and that he intends to revenge himself on Barbara by killing her helpless lover. The

JULIA MARLOWE

state of mind of the spectator at this moment may easily be imagined. There is no adequate preparation for the interruption; to make it even approximately plausible, a new scene would have to be written into the first act, showing that the boy was likely to become insane. But the situation itself, however managed, is dramatically preposterous; it is a comic situation treated seriously. The madman wanders through the act in amazing freedom, instead of being clapped at once into a straitjacket. He is prevented from carrying out his murderous purpose by the gentle influence of Barbara, who appears to throw a kind of spell over him. After his performances, it is impossible to take the play seriously.

Mr. Fitch winds up his drama with two scenes. The first, extremely well written and pathetic, depicts the death of Barbara's lover. In this scene, when the piece was first presented, Barbara observed that her hair was turning white and made some rather foolish references to a similar experience of no less distinguished a personage than Marie Antoinette. These lines, however, were soon cut out, and thereafter in the famous situation from the poem that followed, where Barbara, in defiance of the rebel soldiers and the rebel populace, hangs the Union flag from her balcony, the girl has worn dark-brown hair instead of the gray locks commemorated by Whittier, to which Mr. Fitch had tried to adhere. Of course the change, due to Miss Marlowe's discretion, is a great improvement, for it lessens the weight of unreality that degrades into melodrama what should be a simple comedy of manners and sentiment. That scene had a strange psychological interest: instead of giving the impression of lofty heroism, it suggested merely that the Barbara Frietchie of the poem as well as the Barbara of the play was a hysterical and an extremely injudicious woman, an object of pity and derision rather than of admiration. To complete the tragedy, Mr. Fitch introduced into the crowd the crazy boy, still permitted to run wild, who took occasion to assassinate the heroine!

In outline the story sounds more unreal than it seems on the stage. That boy ought, of course, to be taken out. He would bring disaster to a far better play. But in spite of this figure and its unhappy influence in the plot, Mr. Fitch has made most of his characters live. Barbara is an exquisite creature, frank, tender and generous-hearted.

The best that can be said of Miss Marlowe's Barbara is that it betrayed no consciousness whatever of the absurdity of some of the situations in which the character figured. It is comparatively easy for a skilled actress to play a natural part, the kind of part written by a Pinero or an Ibsen. The test comes when unreal work must seem real. In everything she did Miss Marlowe gave the impression of supreme ease and naturalness. Not for one moment did she falter. In the first and second acts she played with a really beautiful lightness and freshness, and as the character deepened she proved equal to every demand. There is no other actress on our stage who could have lent more pathos and dignity to the scene where Barbara implores her fanatical Southern father not to turn her wounded lover out of the house. Her absurd scenes, too, with the mad boy she interpreted with a fine simplicity and effectiveness. Miss Marlowe has one rare quality which has been of immense service during the whole of her career—taste. To this she has lately added power and self-control, which have enabled her to give in her latest part so finished and satisfying a performance. Whatever may be its fate as a play, "Barbara Frietchie" will be remembered as a great personal triumph for Miss Marlowe.

Nevertheless, it seems a pity that Miss Marlowe should spend her time in a piece of this kind. She is the best Juliet we have on our stage; she is the best Viola; she is the only young actress who has shown a peculiar fitness for Shakespearian work. And yet while Miss Maude Adams was giving her utterly inadequate performance of Juliet last spring, Miss Marlowe was appearing in that wretched piece of inanity, "Colinette." What development in the drama can we expect from conditions that make these things possible?

This year Miss Marlowe has an uncommonly good company. Mr. J. H. Gilmour, an excellent actor, too seldom seen in New York, plays the Northern lover with virility and directness, and Mr. W. J. Le Moyne lends his ripe art to a small but amusing and adroitly sketched-in part of a rampant Southern sympathizer with a caustic habit of speech. To Mr. Arnold Daly falls the difficult task of playing the insane boy, a kind of part that actors love, for it gives them a chance to do plenty of "acting." Mr. Daly could not make the boy sympathetic or reasonable—no actor could; but he did interpret his scenes with intelligence and vigor and discretion. Miss Annie Clarke gave a capital performance of the clergyman's typically Southern wife in the second act. A word of praise should be spoken for the mob in the final scene, which lent realism to a situation which, if badly managed, would appear, as it really is, supremely ridiculous.

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The Rev. F. I. Bell, a highly esteemed minister residing in Weedsport, Cayuga Co., N. Y., in a recent letter writes as follows: "There has never been anything that I have taken that has relieved the Dyspepsia from which I have suffered for ten years except the new remedy called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Since taking them I have had no distress at all after eating and again after long years can sleep well Rev. F. I. Bell, Weedsport, N. Y., formerly Idaha, Colo."

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A trial of this splendid medicine will convince the most skeptical that Dyspepsia and all stomach troubles can be cured. Send for little book on Stomach mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. So popular has the remedy become that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can now be obtained at any drug store at 50c. per package.

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and a special PRESENT to every customer, and freight paid. No trouble getting orders for our TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, EXTRACTS, BAKING POWDER, &c.

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WE SELL HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES to match any hair at from 65c to $3.25, the equal of switches that retail at $2.00 to $8.00.

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All Wool Material

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REFERENCES The Royal Trust Co. Bank, Chicago, any Chicago wholesale house or any express company in America.

THE LOUIS E. VERON CO., 157 W. Jackson St., CHICAGO.

AROUND THE WORLD IN AN AUTOMOBILE

THE most recent, and at the same time most startling, of automobile excursions is that which Dr. Lehwess of the Automobile Club proposes to undertake in the early part of next year. His scheme embraces a journey from Pekin to London on a motor-driven vehicle, a voyage of eight thousand miles. The best stretch of road will be in India, from Lahore to Calcutta. John F. Fraser, who has cycled in the Far East, says there are not three consecutive miles of road in England as good for wheeling as the 1,200 miles' stretch of road from Lahore to Calcutta. He declares that the Grand Trunk Roads of India are the finest cycling roads in the world, and these may be traversed for thousands of miles throughout the greater part of British India, which has an area larger than that of the continent of Europe without Russia. That a good deal of cycling is done in India is proved by the fact that one of the P. and O. boats, on her passage to Bombay, carried nine hundred machines.

SHE WOULDN'T SAY

"I SHALL have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am."

"I think not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car's crowded. There are people standing up."

"That's all right."

"I haven't any time to argue the matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy."

"I've never paid for him yet, and I'm not going to begin to do it now."

"You've got to begin doing it some time. If you haven't had to pay any fare for him you're lucky, or else you don't do much travelling."

"That's all right."

"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll have to stop the car and put him off."

"That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."

"You ought to know what the rules of this company are, madam. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know. You'd better ask that old gentleman sitting in the corner. He got on with him. I never saw him before."

A SOLOMON AND HYPNOTISM

A STORY is told of a judge who lately had the hypnotic plea raised before him by a burglar. The prisoner claimed that he did not know that he was "burgling"; that he did it automatically and unconsciously, under the direction of a hypnotist.

The judge said he would give him the full benefit of the law, and also of his hypnotic misfortune. He thereupon sentenced the man to five years' penal servitude, but told him he could, if he chose, send for the hypnotist, and have himself made unconscious for the entire term of his imprisonment.

"The same power," said the judge, "which enabled you to commit burglary and not know it, ought also to enable you to suffer imprisonment with hard labor and not be aware of it. At any rate, this is the best I can do for you."

DID NOT HATE A VACUUM

THE young man who writes verses was standing out in the night gazing at the sky, his eye in fine frenzy rolling. A friend encountered him: "Halloa, what are you doing? Studying astronomy?"

"Go away and don't disturb me. I am gazing into infinite distance."

"I don't see what satisfaction you find in that."

"That's simply because you have never had any experience with editors, my friend. You don't know what a comfort it is to find some place where nothing is crowded out for want of space."

A NEW FOOTBALL ATTRACTION

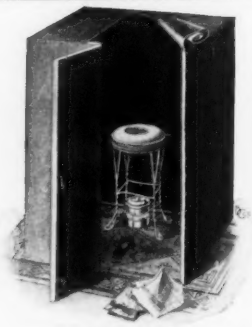
A GAME of football played on the stage has lately formed the chief attraction of an English play called "The Football King," which has been attracting large crowds. The hero of the drama is the captain of the "Rovers Football Club," which is the favorite candidate for the English Cup. The hero passes through a series of reverses and adventures, and his last appearance is in the final round for the Cup at Kennington Oval. For this mimic match professional football players were engaged, and the game, keenly and skilfully contested, was watched with the greatest attention by the spectators.

PROFESSIONAL CURIOSITY

"YER HONOR," said the prisoner to the judge, "I should like to have my case postponed. My lawyer is sick and can't come to court."

The judge took two or three minutes to consider. "The case may be postponed," he said, at last, "if you desire it. But I see here that you were taken in the act What can your counsel have to say on your behalf?"

"That's just what I want to know yer honor," said the prisoner.



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Racine Bath Cabinet Co., Box F, Racine, Wis.

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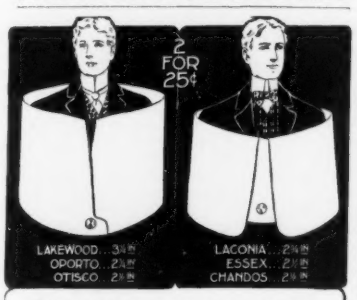

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WORSE THAN A SEA LAWYER

SEA TIME, as most people know, instead of being reckoned by hours, is divided into "watches" of four hours each. From four o'clock to six, and six o'clock to eight, there are half divisions, nautically termed "dog watches."

In a recent admiralty case the counsel asked an old sailor at what time of day a certain collision occurred, and received the reply, "About the middle of the first dog watch."

In summing up the case, the newly admitted admiralty proctor enlarged upon the information thus imparted as follows: "You can imagine, gentlemen of the jury, the care which existed on this occasion, when, as appears from one of the plaintiff's own witnesses, this valuable ship and her cargo, and the lives of passengers and crew, were intrusted to what, gentlemen?—why, to the mere watch of a dog!"

HIS LEVEL BEST

"LESTER, dear," said Mrs. Giddings, anxiously, to her husband, "I don't like that cough of yours."

"I'm sorry," replied Giddings, "but it is the best I have."

SOME COVETED SCRAWLS

THE most prized autographs in the world are those of Shakespeare. Only seven are claimed to exist, three signatures to his will (each with a different spelling), two to conveyances of property, one in the folio edition of his plays (doubtful), and one in a Tudor translation of Montaigne. This last is in the British Museum, and cost over 3,000 guineas. One thousand guineas was the price given by the late Mr. Alfred Morrison of Carlton House Terrace for an autograph letter written by Marie Stuart to the Archbishop of Guise. This and two other letters (one to the pope, and the other to the king of France) were written by the unfortunate Queen of Scots on the morning of her execution. The letter to the French king was destroyed during the days of the Terror, while that to the pope is still preserved at the Vatican. The well-known bookseller, Bernard Quaritch, gave £1,000 for an autograph of Columbus, which was exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago. A Chicago autograph dealer is said to have offered to give $100,000, or over £20,000, for a genuine autograph of Shakespeare if brought to him within a year of making his offer. It was a safe bluff, for since the tragic fate of Chatterton no forger has cared to tackle the quaint scrawl of the Bard of Avon.

A BLACK REVENGE

FIRST BOOTBLACK: "You had er quarrel wid Nidsey, Billy?"

Second Bootblack: "Yes, I had; and I'm goin' ter have my revenge, too."

First Bootblack: "Goin' ter fight him?"

Second Bootblack: "No. I'm goin' ter stand aside of him when he's a-shinin' a gent, and when he's finished I'm goin' ter say: 'Shine, sir?'"

A BANEFUL KISS

THE St. Louis girl who last year saluted Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of Santiago, at Long Beach, with a kiss, has discovered that in exchange for the thoughtless gift she received a world-wide notoriety, in addition to the post of arbiter of fashions. Everything is called after her, from articles of millinery to a pair of shoes. A prize collie worth £500 has been renamed Emma Arnold, and a popular drink has been dedicated to her honor. Poor Hobson, we fancy, would be more inclined to liken this kiss with its baneful consequences to his reputation to the Scriptural mess of pottage.

NE PLUS ULTRA

DOCTOR (to Gilbert, aged four): "Put your tongue out, dear."

Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue.

Doctor: "No, no, put it right out."

The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes: "I tan't; it's fastened on to me."

AN INIMITABLE FEAT

THE sailors of three men-o'-war—American, French, and British—while in the same harbor, were competing with each other for the best display of seamanship. A Yankee went to the top of the mainmast and stood there with an arm extended. A Frenchman then went aloft and extended both arms.

An Irishman on board the British ship thought if he could stand there with a leg and an arm extended he would be declared the most daring sailor. Nimbly he mounted to the highest point and attempted to do so, but at the last moment lost his balance, and fell through the rigging toward the deck.

The various ropes against which he came in contact broke his fall, and when near the deck he succeeded in grasping a rope. To this he hung for a couple of seconds, and then dropped lightly on the deck, landing safely on his feet.

Folding his arms triumphantly, as if it were all in the programme, he glanced toward the rival ships and joyously exclaimed:

"There, you frog-eating and pig-sticking foreigners, beat that if you can!"

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superb figure SENT ON TRIAL for $1

The CASS CORSET BELT (patents pending). For slender women with flat waists. For stout women with large waists. For beauty and style in any figure.

Photo of figure wearing ordinary corset laced to fit.

Same figure and corset after putting on a Cass Corset Belt

It consists of layers or leaves of steel (inside a chamois and satin padding) which slide and give and are so adjusted as to mould the waist into correct and elegant taper form. It gives the round, stylish and beautiful taper waist.

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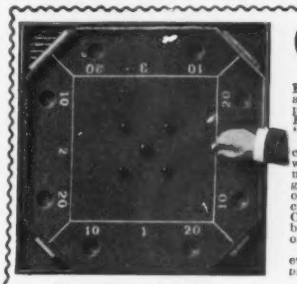

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SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. and we'll send Free a large sample of this beautiful Cheviot and our big book of cloth samples of other suits from $6.95 up, or send us your Height, Weight, Chest, Waist and Crotch measure with $1.00 deposit and we'll express the suit to you C.O.D., subject to examination; examine it carefully, try it on, see that it fits perfect, then pay the express agent the balance ($4.95) and express charges, only after you find it exactly as represented, a perfect fit and far better than others best $10.00 suits. Send today quick for suit or free sample book.
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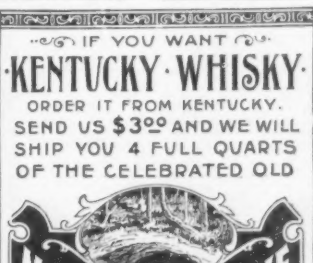

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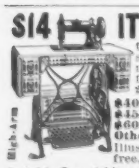

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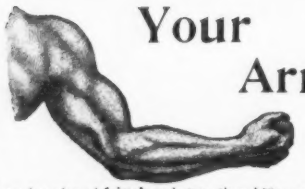

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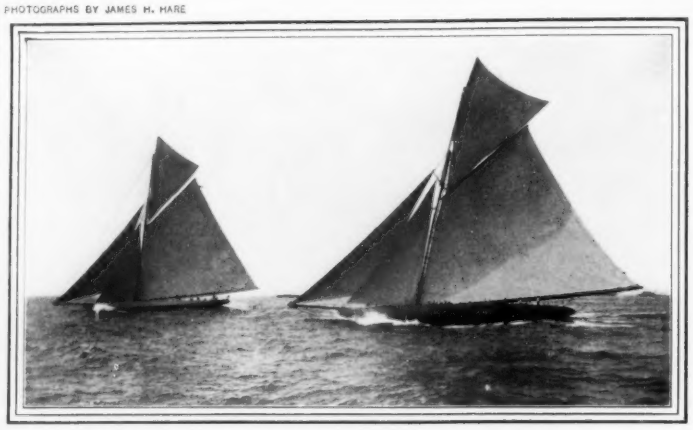


"COLUMBIA" AND "SHAMROCK" MANŒUVRING FOR A START, OCTOBER 17

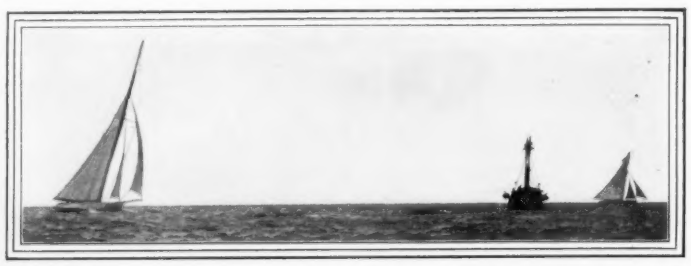
THE DEFEAT OF "SHAMROCK"

TEN DAYS of Indian Summer weather wellnigh spoiled the sport of the thousands who went down New York Bay during the early days of October to witness the races between *Columbia* and *Shamrock* for the possession of that time-honored trophy, the America's Cup.

Now that the contests are over one can look back and review them with a critical eye. The first real race, following seven aggravating flukes, was sailed on October 16, in a good breeze which fairly tested the sailing qualities of the yachts. In that race *Shamrock* was beaten 10 minutes 7 seconds. Over this course, of fifteen miles to windward and return, *Columbia's* best work was done in the windward tacks, which is always regarded as the supreme test of a yacht's sailing qualities.

An unfortunate accident to *Shamrock*—the carrying away of her topmast twenty-four minutes after the start—spoiled the only triangular race in which the yachts started, and the third and final race, over a similar course to the first one, was sailed in a breeze strong enough, and in water rough enough, to satisfy the most ardent yachtsman.

In this work—which was what *Shamrock* people had said was their weather—*Columbia* demonstrated beyond question that it was also her weather by defeating the representative of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club 6 minutes 34 seconds, actual time, over the thirty-mile course.

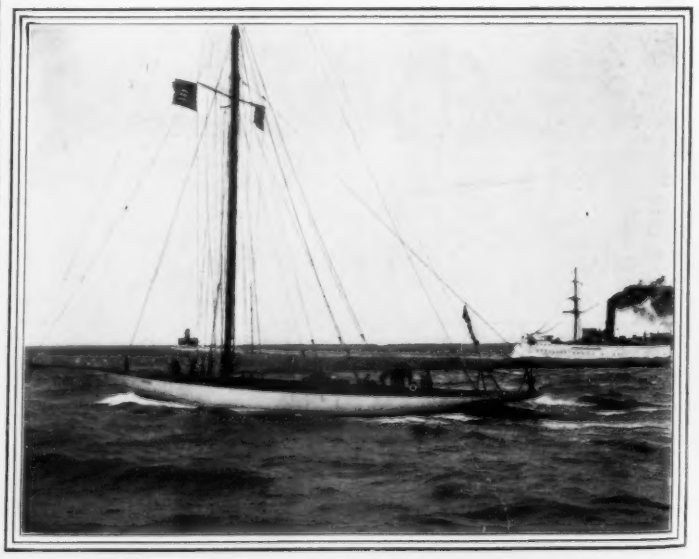


"COLUMBIA" CROSSING THE WINNING LINE, OCTOBER 20. "SHAMROCK," IN THE DISTANCE, HAS ONE MORE TACK TO MAKE

So *Columbia* won three straight races, and this final one was so decisive that Sir Thomas Lipton and Captains Hogarth, Wringe, and Parker admitted that *Columbia* was the better all-round boat, and that it would be only a waste of time to sail another race, as suggested by some *Shamrock* enthusiasts.

While the days of flukes were extremely tedious and generally disappointing to the public, they furnished an excellent object lesson of the futility of attempting to sail a contest in light and baffling breezes that give no real test of the respective merits of the yachts. In other words, it clearly showed the wisdom of the time-limit clause in the racing rules. If a ninety-foot yacht cannot cover thirty or forty miles in five and a half hours, there must be something radically wrong with the boat or the breeze. No yachtsman wants to watch a drifting match, and so when *Columbia* covered the course the other day in three hours and thirty-eight minutes every one went home satisfied that she was the best boat, and that she had won on her merits.

On the morning of the 17th—the second actual race—the start was an ideal one. The course was to be triangular, with the first leg laid to windward. Captain Barr of *Columbia* and Hogarth of *Shamrock* had each been fighting for a weather berth, and *Shamrock's* skipper



"COLUMBIA" GOING HOME AFTER BEATING "SHAMROCK"

was in it at gunfire, with *Columbia* so close on his lee beam that one could have touched the other with an oar. A collision seemed inevitable, but both yachts being under good headway, and therefore under the helmsman's control, an accident was avoided.

The situation was exactly the same as on the day when *Defender* and *Valkyrie III.* crossed the line, when the latter's boom fouled *Defender's* topmast backstay, and sprung the mast. The way *Columbia* walked out from under *Shamrock's* lee astonished the backers of that yacht to such an extent that they wanted to "hedge" at once.

Each yacht had made a couple of tacks, and *Columbia* had the windward berth by about three hundred yards, when *Shamrock's* topmast went by the board. It broke right at the cap of the lower mast, and it was caused by an attempt to carry a club topsail of abnormal proportions in a breeze that was squally and a sea that was ugly enough to make the yachts plunge their bowsprits under at times.

Every one was sorry to see *Columbia* win the race by sailing around the course alone, but it was part of the mutual agreement that each yacht should be responsible for its own accidents, and that the uninjured one should complete the course, so Mr. Iselin had no alternative.

After allowing a day for the shipping of a new topmast, and the remeasurement of *Shamrock*—for some three tons of ballast was stowed in her hold by the advice of Designer Fife—another attempt to sail a race resulted in the eighth fluke. When the race was declared off *Columbia* was three miles in the lead, having covered eleven of the fifteen miles between the outer mark and the finish.

A rattling breeze from the northeast greeted the yachtsmen on the morning of the final race, Friday, October 20. Dark, threatening clouds appeared to windward during the preliminary work prior to the start, and as far as the eye could reach white caps were visible. It was a day to stir the heart of a yachtsman, and one to test spars, rigging, and sails to the utmost.

No attempt was made to set anything larger than a working topsail on either yacht. *Shamrock* was out early, for her water-line measurement had been increased, so that instead of *Columbia* allowing her six seconds, as before, *Shamrock* had to allow the Herreshoff beauty sixteen seconds. The windward and leeward course was repeated, and the outer mark was set off Elberon, N. J., only a few miles from the beach.

It was a spinnaker start, and *Shamrock* had decidedly the best of it. Travelling at a twelve-knot clip, she crossed the line between the Sandy Hook Lightship and the committee boat sixty-one seconds ahead of *Columbia*. Spinnakers were set to starboard at once, the American crew setting theirs first by thirty seconds. Down the wind they went like steamboats; indeed they made the excursion fleet steam hard to keep pace with them.

Because *Columbia's* spinnaker boom was too light, she lost fully a minute in that fifteen-mile run, for the sail went five times over the head-stays before it was made to set. *Shamrock* had no trouble with hers, and she held her own until within a couple of miles of the mark. Then, as if endowed with new life, *Columbia* simply walked past her to port, and luffed around the outer mark seventeen seconds in the lead.

On account of the fresh breeze and lumpy sea main sheets were hard to trim in. In the luffing match here the American boat came out well to windward, and close-hauled on the starboard tack, with no topsail on her, she laid at least half a point higher than her rival. Try as he would, Captain Hogarth was unable to make *Shamrock* point with the other yacht. In an hour she was two miles dead to leeward. Out of sheer desperation, Hogarth had set *Shamrock's* small club topsail. By cracking on sail he was able to close the gap a little before the finish, but it was taking a big risk in that twenty-five knot breeze.

Columbia's people never set her topsail. She sailed fast enough without it, and when she dashed across the finish line in a smother of foam, and lee rail all awash, there were not three prouder men in America than C. Oliver Iselin, Captain "Nat" Herreshoff and Captain Barr, who stood on deck in oilskins. To their efforts the successful defence of the cup was due, always remembering, of course, the man who built *Columbia*—John Pierpont Morgan.

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL

OUT OF THE RACE! THE BREAKING OF "SHAMROCK'S" TOPMAST DURING HER RACE WITH "COLUMBIA," OCT. 17

The official summary of this race is as follows:

Yacht.	*Start.* H. M. S.	*1st Mark.* H. M. S.	*Finish.* H. M. S.	*Elapsed.* H. M. S.	*Corrected.* H. M. S.
Columbia.....	11 01 35	12 19 00	2 40 00	3 38 25	3 58 09
Shamrock ..	11 00 34	12 19 17	2 45 17	3 44 43	3 44 43

Columbia won by 6m. 18s. actual, and 6m. 34s. corrected, time.

JAMES C. SUMMERS.

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

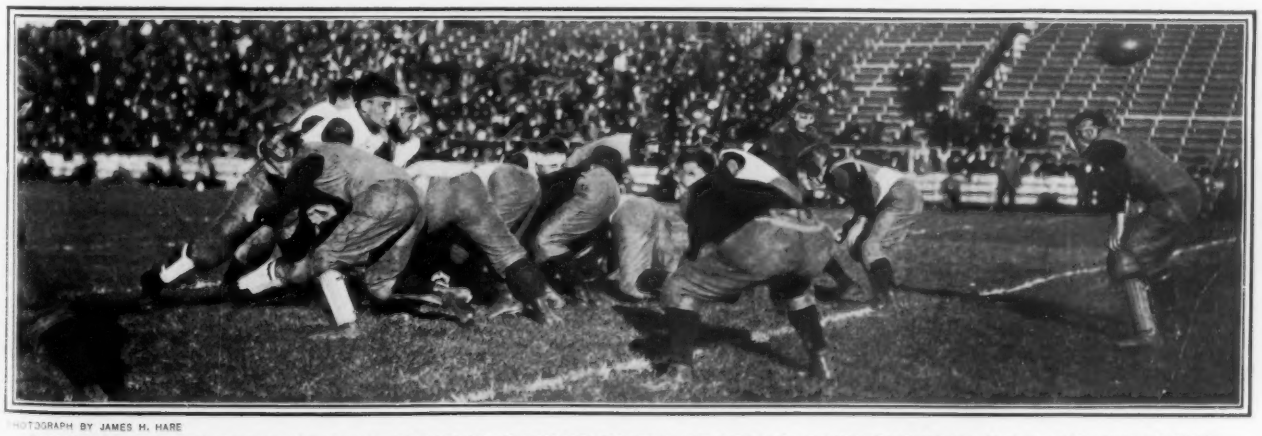
"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

YALE *vs.* WISCONSIN

THAT football in the Middle West is no myth the Yale audience learned most conclusively on the 21st, when Wisconsin came on to compare themselves with the New Haven eleven, and incidentally give O'Dea a chance to exhibit his remarkable kicking ability. It has been stated, and with a decided measure of truth, that each team expected to win. And the result proved that the calculations of neither were far wrong, for until ten minutes of the end of the game no score had been made. At that point Richards, Yale's right half-back, who had been substituted for Chadwick in the second half, turned the tie into a victory for Yale by running two-thirds of the length of the field for a touchdown. The manner of it was this. O'Dea's longer punting had crowded Yale down, so that, in spite of her stronger running game, it looked more and more dangerous. Hale, Stillman, McBride and Richards had each at times been called upon for unusual effort in carrying the ball away from Yale's goal. Twice Richards had all but cleared the corner outside Wisconsin's tackle, a fact that should have been significant to the Westerners, for if he ever did get fairly past that promontory of tacklers it would mean a dangerously long run. At last his signal for this play was given for the third time, and as he reached the line the Yale interference put the end out of the way, and Richards bounded off tackle into the open, just wrenching his leg away from the Wisconsin man, who was clutching it as he fell. As Richards came clear he was at the forty-yard line, and running hard. Two Wisconsin men were crossing over, one very near him, and the second heading to cut him off further down, while directly in the line of the goal O'Dea, the Wisconsin captain, was coming up as a third obstacle for the Yale man. The first of the three Westerners was now near enough to strike, but as he dove out Richards swung his arm, partly warding him off, and partly dragging himself free as the tackler slid down. The second man staggered the Yale half-back still more, but met the same fate, for by this time Richards could see the goal line and possible victory before him, and he was a bundle of energy that would take much stopping. Then he looked into the eye of O'Dea, the only man between him and what he wanted, and O'Dea knew that look, but he spread his legs, anticipating the dodge and turn, and as Richards came on made his dive. But Richards was cooler than he, and although his quick swing of body and leg did not take him entirely out of the reach of the Wisconsin captain, it did so nearly effect this that he was clear instantly, and in another moment was over the goal. That was practically the end of the game, and the score stood six to nothing in Yale's favor.

HARVARD *vs.* PENNSYLVANIA

On Saturday, the 4th of November, Harvard journeys to Philadelphia to give Pennsylvania satisfaction for last year's defeat at Cambridge. The question is, just what satisfaction Pennsylvania is likely to get from it. Harvard is taking down a rather imposing array of men. Harvard's punting may not be up to the mark set by Haughton last year. Personally, I doubt very much if Haughton would have been likely to punt as well in future games as he did in the Pennsylvania and Yale games last season—not that he was not an excellent kicker, but because no man has the luck to do things just exactly right always, and Haughton's kicking of last year seemed to be just the added straw to Pennsylvania's misfortunes every moment during the game. Harvard will have some good punters this year, but Pennsylvania has made preparations to handle the ball, and Pennsylvania back of the line is in this respect this year surely better than last year. Mr. Woodruff took the defeat of 1898 and the early poor showing this fall very much to heart, and he is striving to redeem that work. I consider Pennsylvania's regular line, outside of the ends, if not crippled, superior to Harvard's. On the other hand, I think Hallowell is a much better man than any Pennsylvania has. So is Campbell. Daly will be far and away ahead of the Pennsylvania quarter. Further back than that, the



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE

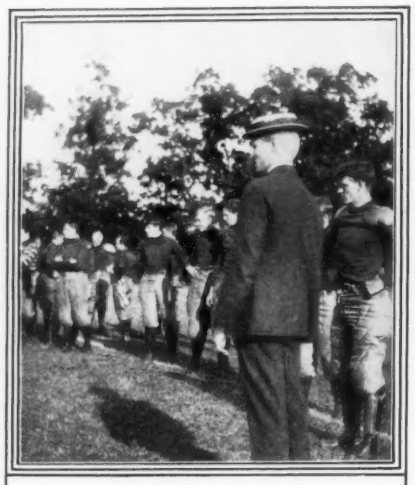
"SNAPPING BACK THE BALL"—AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE FOOTBALL GAME BETWEEN YALE AND WISCONSIN AT NEW HAVEN, OCTOBER 21

two teams are fairly evenly divided with the choice in Harvard's favor.

Harvard will play the ordinary punting game better than Pennsylvania, and I consider her defence to the running game rather stronger in its conception. If properly put in force it should be a safer defence than Pennsylvania's. On the other hand, Pennsylvania's quarter-back kicking is well judged, and if too great reliance is not placed upon it, if it be merely used to supplement the rest of the game, it may come off on some occasions very detrimental to Harvard. It seems to me, in spite of some of the earlier games, that the two teams are not nearly so far apart as is believed. But it is hard to see how Pennsylvania can win, and although home grounds and the especial effort that Pennsylvania has put into the matter are factors in the case, I do not think they will make up for the advantages that Harvard distinctly has in ends and outside the line. Condition is also likely to be a prime factor in the match, and how Pennsylvania can be anything but outclassed in this respect it is difficult to see. An extremely severe schedule may bring about wonderful experience, but it brings about exhaustion also, and an experienced wreck will always be beaten by the inexperienced robust eager youth.

YALE *vs.* WEST POINT

Two years ago Yale journeyed to West Point, and it is said that one of her graduate coaches, after the game started, felt so badly as to go down to the railway station and take the first train for New York, where, upon arriving, he heard that West Point was in the lead and the game two-thirds over. As a matter of fact, Yale did succeed in the last part of the game in tying the score. Last year Princeton had an equally interesting experience—a tie game with West Point. It is very natural, therefore, that the Yale team should on the 4th of November go up to the Military Academy with a feeling of wholesome respect for the cadets and their football ability. This year it is promised that a game between West Point and Annapolis shall take place, and that adds to the vigor of the practice with the Academy boys and makes them even more anxious than ever, if that were possible, to put up the very highest grade of football. West Point's matches with Harvard are usually played early in the season, so that a fair line is hardly possible. By the time of the Yale game, however, the cadets should be in good trim, but equally so Yale ought to be in fair shape, especially considering the fact of their experience on the 21st with Wisconsin, which ought to go far toward making them veterans in their work. In spite of the fact that West Point has had a good time to prepare for this game, it does not seem to me that their team is any stronger or as strong as in some earlier seasons. The dash which



RODGERS, OF YALE, COACHING THE TEAM

they throw into the game, however, is a point which tells markedly in their favor, and they seem generally able to last out the game fully as well as the teams from the larger universities. I expect to see a very interesting game, and it seems to me that the chances favor Yale if all her men are in good condition. If between the time of this writing and the date of the game the crippled list is added to, it may make the trip a dangerous one for Yale.

PRINCETON *vs.* BROWN

Brown has always put up a strong game, and while never successful in defeating one of the large teams, has, upon occasions, played very close games with them, notably her tie game with Pennsylvania October 7, and with Yale two years ago, in which the score stood 18—14 in Yale's favor, the extra four points in favor of Yale being due to the fact that Cadwalader, the Yale kicker, converted every one of his side's touchdowns into goals, whereas Brown missed goals twice. Thus, on the running game, and possibly as to particular skill in kicking goals, Brown practically equalled Yale, as she did Pennsylvania this year. When, therefore, any one of the teams meets the Brown eleven, there is always a chance for considerable speculation. Princeton defeated them last year 23 to 0, and as a matter of fact it was one of the best scoring games against a good team that Princeton played during the season. This year it looks as though Princeton were considerably better than last season, and that Brown was also quite up to the standard. Some of her men—for instance, Richardson and Hapgood—are stars. Princeton had a hard game with Cornell a week ago, but Brown also has had some hard struggles. The chances are, therefore, that, so far as life and dash are concerned, Princeton, from her experience of a week before, will have suffered the most. I do not look, however, for Brown to give them nearly as much trouble as they did Pennsylvania, and certainly not to put the result in doubt. It should be good practice for both, and Brown relies upon it as one of her best games in the point of experience.

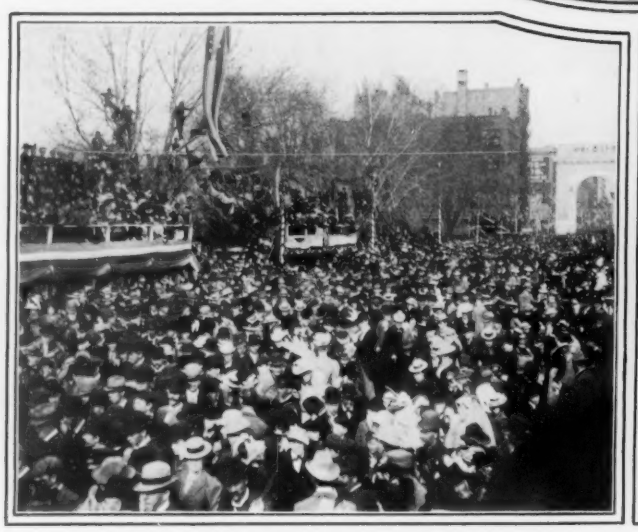
Brown's final wind-up of the season consists really in two games—one on the 25th with Dartmouth, and the other on the 30th with Chicago—so that this match is one that will try out her players and give the management a line on the best methods and men.

CORNELL *vs.* COLUMBIA

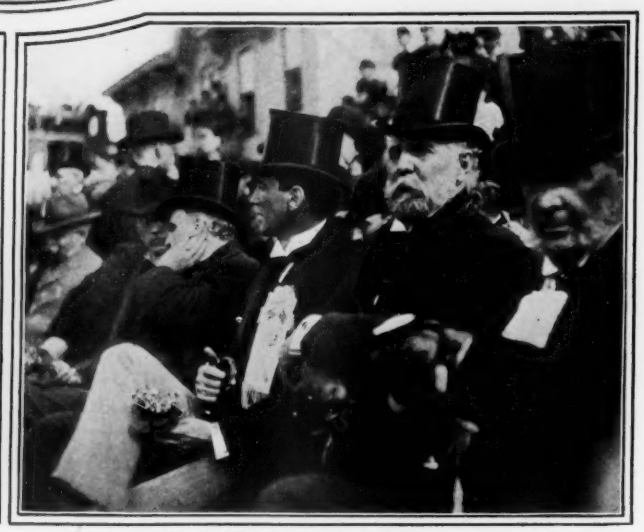
On November 7 Cornell will meet Columbia, the newcomer in the football world. Cornell has had a better course so far as experience is concerned, especially as some of her men are veterans and carry over the education of last year. Columbia has met Yale, in fact met them on the same day that Cornell met Princeton, and the Yale game was as good for Columbia as the Princeton game was for Cornell. As far as coaching is concerned, Columbia in the early part of the season had rather the better of it, and has had in Sanford a consistent man, who has carried them steadily along through the season. Besides, Sanford coached at Cornell not so very long ago and knows something of their men and methods there. It is safe to say that he has laid his plans accordingly and will take every advantage of what he believes to be Cornell's weaknesses. To offset this, Cornell has for the last few weeks had a most careful and vigorous coaching, and that on the lines laid down by one of the best men who has ever graduated from any of the colleges. Columbia is good in line-breaking, and has one very fast back, with whom, if they can get him around Cornell's end, they will pretty surely score. Cornell knows this, and has taken every precaution to provide against such happening. It ought to be a good match, with a great deal depending upon how Cornell's men have been handled since that Princeton game.

WALTER CAMP.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING THE MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS AT MINNEAPOLIS



THE CROWD ON NICOLLET AVENUE AS THE 13TH MINNESOTA APPROACHED THE PRESIDENT'S STAND



PRESIDENT McKINLEY BETWEEN GOVERNOR LIND AND MAYOR GRAY ON THE REVIEWING STAND

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND THE MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS

(SEE PAGE 15)

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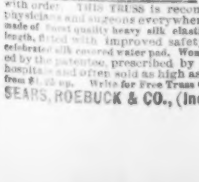

Send us 50 cents, State your height, weight, age, how long you have been ruptured, whether rupture is large or small, also state number of inches around the body on a line with the rupture, say whether rupture is on right or left side and we will send you by express C. O. D., subject to examination. THE VERY BEST ELASTIC TRUSS MADE, guaranteeing it to fit you perfectly, and if found satisfactory, the best cure truss you ever saw, better than other trusses that sell for $5.00 to $10.00, pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL PRICE $2.75 and express charges less the 50 cents sent with order. This TRUSS is recommended by leading physicians and surgeons everywhere. Highest grade belt, made of finest quality heavy silk elastic, self adjusting as to length, fitted with improved safety clutch fastenings, celebrated silk covered water pad. Wonderful cures are claimed by the patentee, prescribed by physicians in many hospitals and often sold as high as $10.00. We sell trusses from $1.25 up. Write for Free Truss Catalogue. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL.

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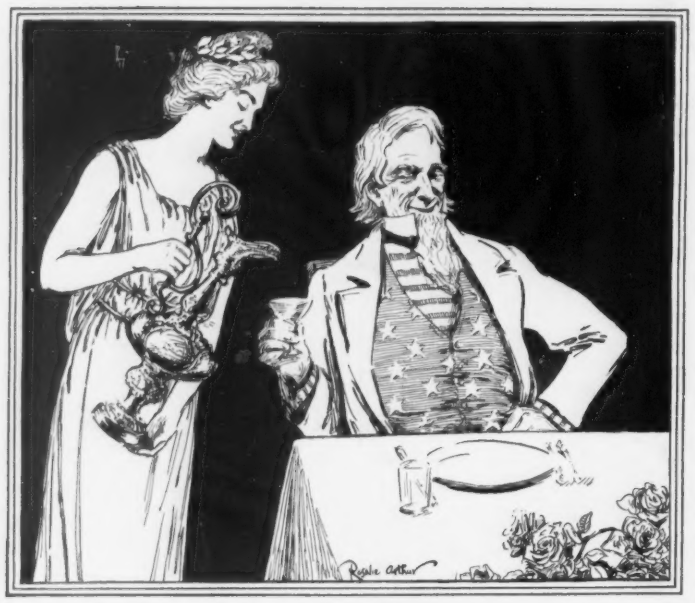

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